THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1794

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JUNE 9 1934

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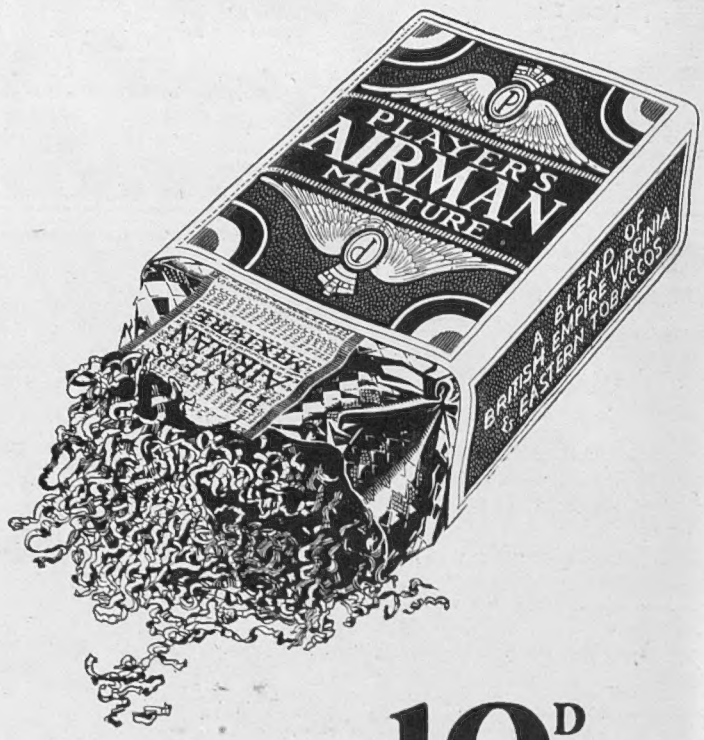

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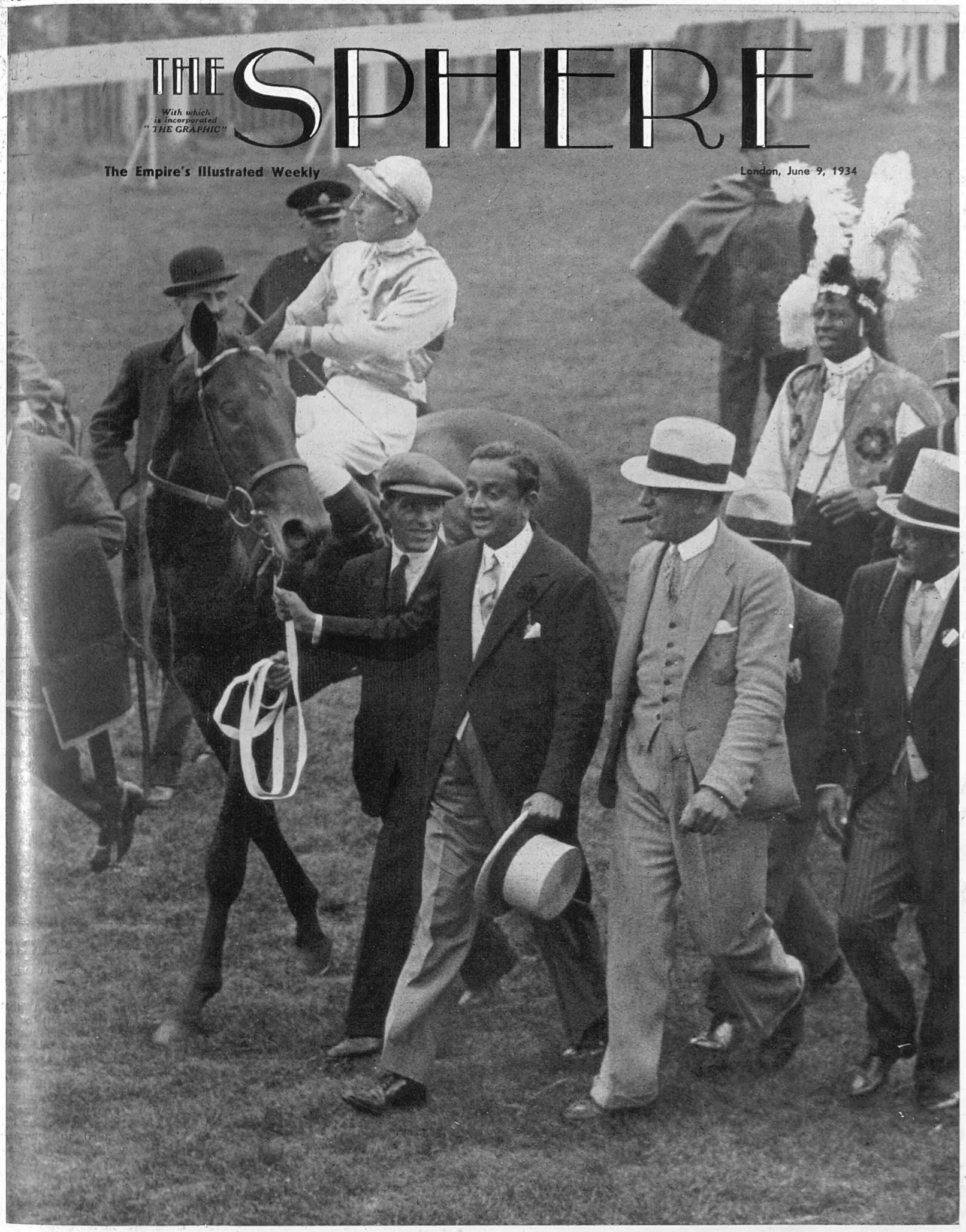
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, June 9, 1934



THE TRAINER : M. Marsh

LEADING *in the* WINNER

The Maharajah of Rajpipla with Windsor Lad

This year's Derby, one of the most thrilling of recent times, resulted in a great victory for the Maharajah of Rajpipla's fine stayer Windsor Lad, which won by a length from Lord Woolavington's Easton with Lord Glanely's much-fancied Colombo third. The winner, which was admirably ridden by C. Smirke, started at 15 to 2 and was well backed on the strength of convincing victories in the Chester Vase and the valuable Newmarket Stakes. Donoghue, the greatest of all Epsom jockeys, leapt Medieval Knight into the lead at the start of the race, but was passed near Tattenham Corner by Tiberius and Windsor Lad. Here Colombo ran wide and, in spite of a fine effort, failed to get on terms. The Maharajah of Rajpipla, who spends practically every summer in England and is a keen racing enthusiast, was one of the few owners who felt confident that his horse would beat the favourite

THE JOCKEY : C. Smirke

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

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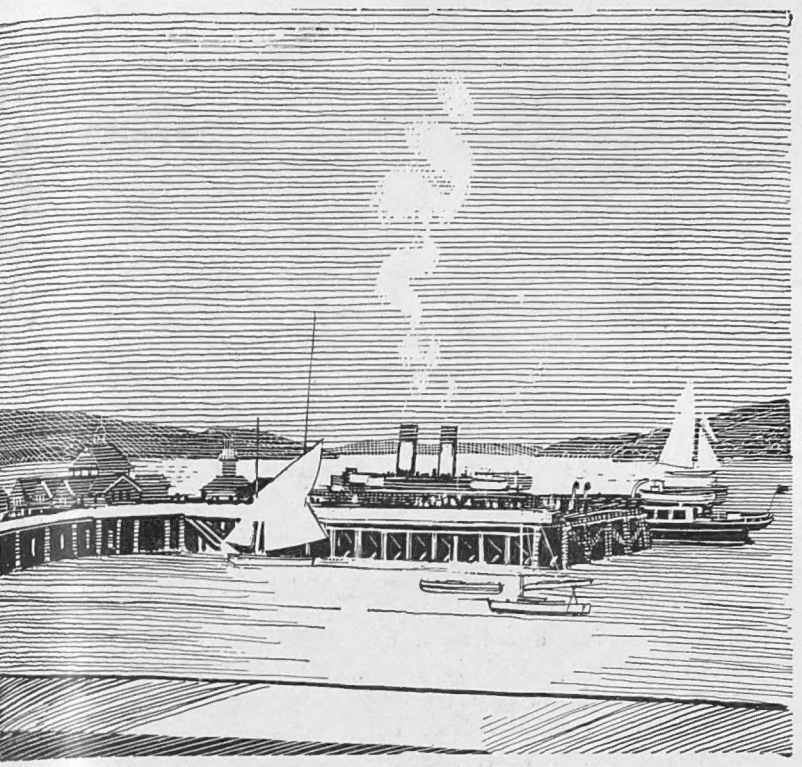

The fascination of the Clyde

The Clyde is the most fascinating stretch of water anywhere round our coasts — so many bays and harbours and lochs and fjords to be explored, with a fleet of magnificent holiday ships to take you up and down and round about. The resorts, too — beautifully situated, their front doors on the water and their back doors facing the mountains — are the gayest, brightest places full of hospitality and entertainment.

Nowadays you travel to Scotland with a "Summer Return Ticket"—a penny a mile each way (first-class fares are only two-thirds higher). Come back any time within a month, break your journey anywhere you like, going or coming back, provided you complete the outward journey within three days.

In many parts of Scotland you can get "Holiday Contract Tickets." Their price is from 7s. 6d. and with them you can travel by any trains in a wide area for a week.

With a return ticket to Scotland, you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L M S or L·N·E·R offices and agencies:

L M S— "*Scottish Apartments Guide*" (3*d.*)

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Pure Wool Canadian Bathing Suit

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with attractive check design. V back. In black/white, brown/white, duck-egg/white, pink/black, brown/white, navy/white.

39/6

Practical Wool Swimming Suit

• • •

with skirt attached, perfect fitting. In black, saxe, cherry, bottle, royal, nigger brown.

15/9

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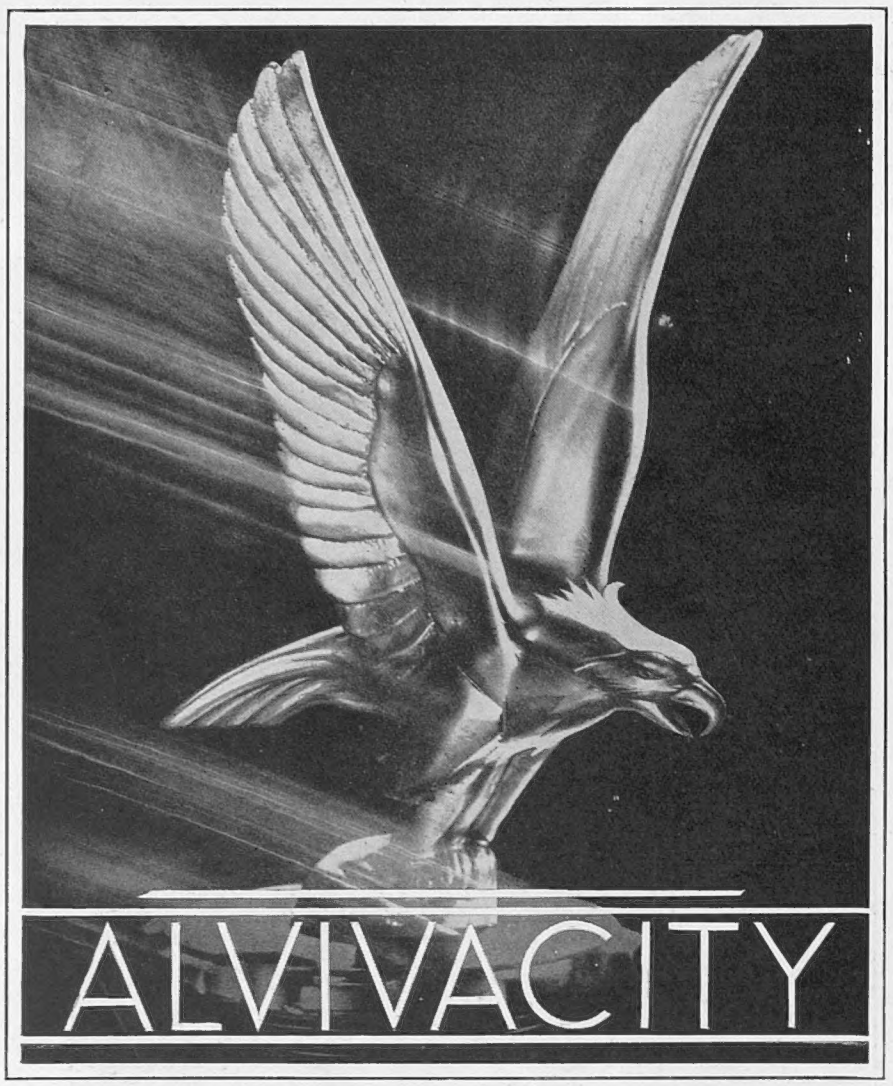

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In a pen so finely constructed as the "Swan" you have the double advantage of a beautiful finish coupled with superlative writing qualities. Whether for business or private use you will be delighted with the graceful ease and speed with which you write.

And its unfailing reliability at all times will make you bless the day you chose a "Swan."

that is why more and more people use 'Swan' pens

"Swan" Pens may be obtained of all Stationers and Jewellers. Black or Mottled from 15/-, or Artistic Colours from 20/-. THE NEW LEVERLESS "SWAN": 17/6 and 21/-. The "Swan" Minor: 10/6, 12/6 and 15/-. "Fyne-Poynt" pencils to match "Swan" Pens, from 5/-.

All pens write best with "Swan" Ink

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was rather dull because
they never put in anywhere
until they got to Ararat.
Besides—
they had such horrible weather.

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put in at all the best places and the weather is so good that we don't need a lid; so our boat decks are open to the sun and air.

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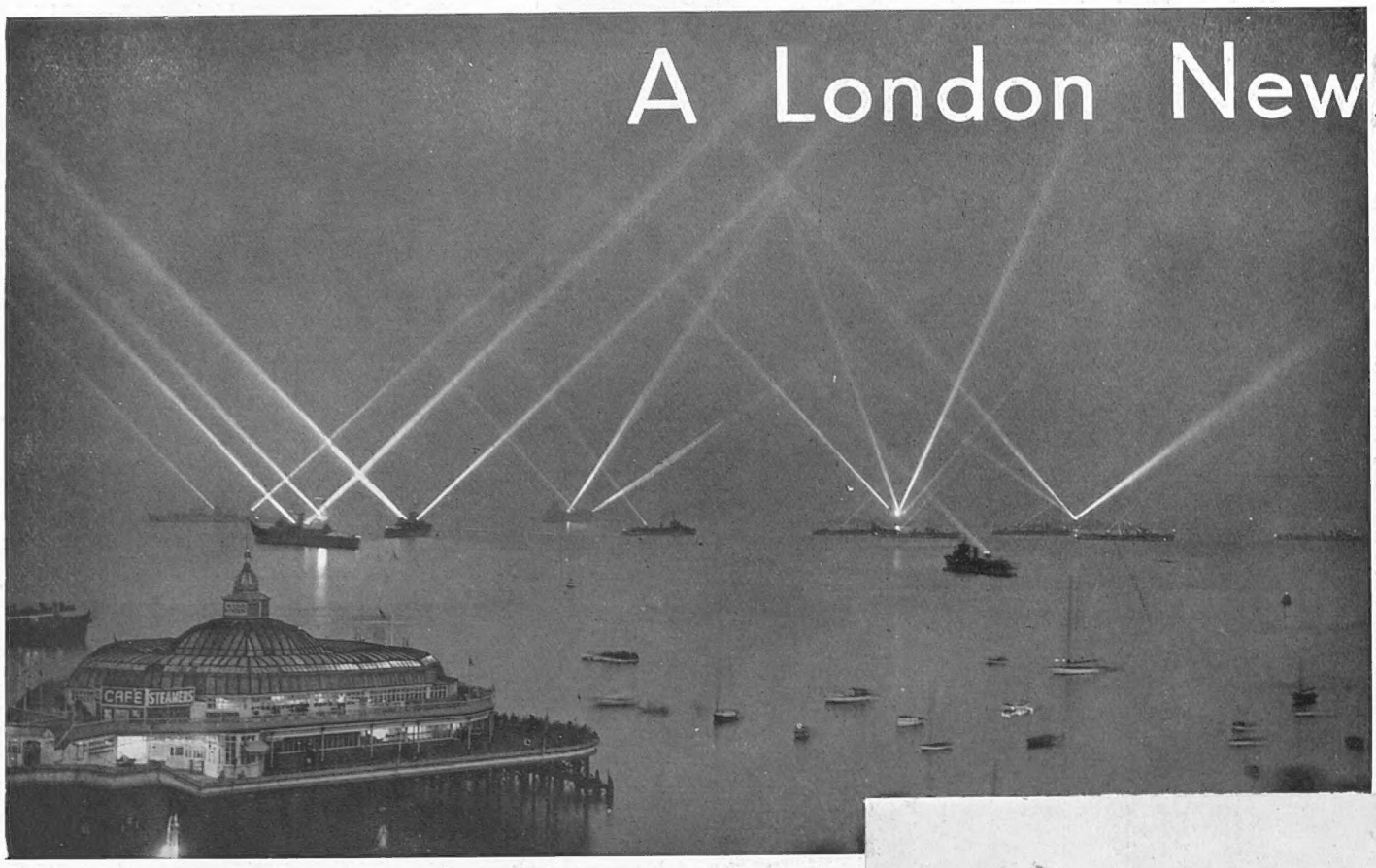
A London Newsletter



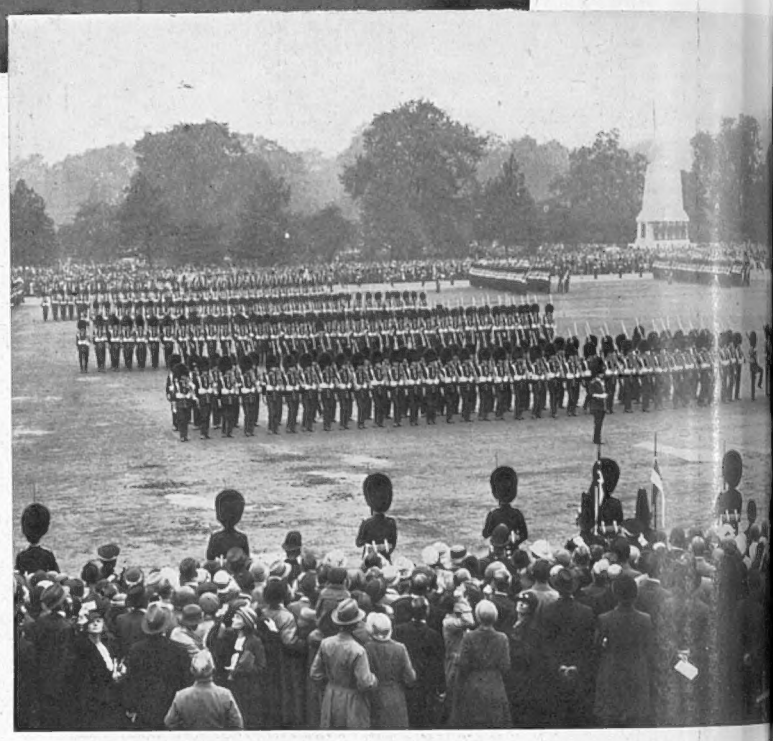
PIERCING THE NIGHT SKY: The searchlight display given by H.M.S. *Hood*, H.M.S. *Valiant*, H.M.S. *Nelson*, H.M.S. *Courageous*, and eighteen other ships of the Home Fleet which assembled in Plymouth Sound for the King's Birthday celebrations

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 6, 1934.

ANOTHER TEN YEARS OF TALK?—The most difficult engineering feat in international and domestic politics is unquestionably to build or repair a bridge. They can't do it on the banks of the Thames and they can't do it at Geneva. They have talked, talked, talked about it for decades, and they are just where they were. London and Geneva alike have met their Waterloo — Bridge. Once more the House of Commons—rather from a desire for consistency than from utter conviction—has turned down the last Socialistic L.C.C. scheme for a new Waterloo Bridge. What remains? Either the L.C.C., with help from the Road Fund, will put its pride in its pocket and recondition the existing bridge, or it will proceed to build and send in the bill to the ratepayers of London; or it will start a new decade of talk. At Geneva, M. Barthou wrote finis to all present hope of reduction in armaments. He condemned the faithlessness of Britain towards France, the favouritism of Britain towards Germany, he pilloried Russia and Italy and belaboured Germany, and fell back on France's first and last trump, security guarantees. What remains? Another ten years of talk? Or a reconditioning? Or finally, a determined effort to get something done to achieve a convention to abate the aerial danger, to abolish chemical warfare, and to set up a permanent Disarmament Commission to study the at present insoluble problem? There is ten years of talk in this final alternative, at the lowest computation.

IS CIVILIZATION SINCERE?—"Peace is detrimental and negative to the fundamental virtues of man." "War is to a man what childbirth is to a woman." In declaring, on the eve of the Disarmament Conference meeting, his utter disbelief in the possibility of peace, Mussolini said these sentences. They are awful words, but before any one of us casts a stone at the Duce, let him examine himself. Has he indeed in practice and theory, deed and word and thought, outlawed force, since the great ideal of perpetual peace was reborn after the Great War? (For it is no new idea; there have been League of Nations ideas quite often after world-wars.) I remind myself that of all adventures and journeyings most abhorrent to me, those on the sea in ships or small boats come first. I loathe to be upon the sea in any weather and in any craft, but to the literature of the sea I turn with absorption and delight before all other types. Give me the story of a mutiny or shipwreck, a tale of barratry, a word-picture of a typhoon, a journal of a lone voyage in an open boat, and I am robustly and gorgeously entertained. And so, I think, with force; those very little anxious to come to blows get a good deal of kick from the sight of a street fight or a tale of battle, murder, and bloodshed. There is the Greek philosopher's parable of the corpse and the inquisitive eyes of horrified passers-by, which could not fail but look on the dreadful sight. In a word, how many men and women can truthfully declare before God that they get no "kick" at all, but complete and unmixed misery from the sight or narration of other people's quarrels? The woman who brought forth her son in childbirth and lost him in man's equivalent *métier*, war, has, God knows, outlawed the hideous crime and madness a hundred times. But as long as a majority of the civilized races has not in deed, in word, *and in thought* outlawed war and force to the stage of turning in loathing from the account of a street battle in Ohio, or the burning out of a nest of bandits in Manchukuo, are we entitled to declare that Mussolini's utterances are untrue, even if impolitic? Not in Italy only, but in other countries, ours included, the subject of war and peace has of late been treated with rather more frankness and brutal logic, and, truth to tell, that frankness and logic have not been met with general execration. In their hearts still a big majority of the human race, which can read his words, knows that the Duce speaks truth. It is a measure of our own innocence that a small part of our optimism concerning an industrial revival is based on a temporary boom in armament shares, and a great deal of our interest in the season's social fixtures is derived from military displays and mimic battles. Perpetual peace is indeed only a dream; one of those dreams with which from time to time human beings bolster up their faith in human nature and in the progress of civilization—it is a dream and an ideal, but without such Jack o' Lanterns, would our tired feet flog on along the uphill road, or should we not fall by the way?

TOGO.—With curious clearness, in the haze of memory, I recall the Russo-Japanese War, the blockade of Port Arthur, the Battle of Tsushima and the names of Togo and Rozhdestvenski. Togo appeared to us in the guise of the stoat and the poor Russian as the mesmerized rabbit. Yet even then, the British knew little or nothing about the career and character of the Nelson of the East, although he was a *Worcester* man and learned his profession in England and on British vessels. No one in his own country recognized his abilities until 1890 when he was over 50, and even then his promotion was put down to nepotism. He was prudent, simple, modest, and retiring; he based his policy on the British tradition, but in his case the Nelson touch was revealed in an infinite capacity for taking pains rather than risks. He lived for the navy and hid himself somewhere in its intricate and smooth-running machinery. A great and good man, with all the usual attributes of goodness and greatness which may be summed up in one word—simplicity. The following is a translation (sent me with a facsimile copy by a friend) of the words he wrote on one of the three pieces of silk referred to in *The Times* obituary. One of these autographed pieces came into the hands of Toledo Steel Works of Sheffield, whose former chairman, Lord Charles Beresford, was a friend of Togo. The company's authorized translation of their Togo Scroll runs: "The Empire's destiny is dependent upon this battle. I expect everyone to do his duty."



BRITAIN'S MOST BRILLIANT MILITARY SPECTACLE: The scene during the Troopin[g] on the Horse Guards Parade. The King, who was sixty-nine on Sunday, w[as] wearing the uniform of Colonel of the Welsh Guards, the Duke of York in th[e] the Duke of Gloucester in the uniform of t[he]

THE GENTLE ART.—Always a hard hitter, Mr. Lloyd George in his latest batch of War Memories has developed a still more terrible punch. A come-back with a vengeance, in every sense but a political. For surely these Parthian shots at living public men must forever rob Mr. Lloyd George of the prospect of getting together an adequate supply of political supporters from the various guerilla bands. The risks of co-operating with him appear to be almost as great as the risks of opposing his will. Poor Mr. Runciman and poor Mr. McKenna must feel that way; poor Mr. Chamberlain and poor Sir Herbert Samuel cannot have enjoyed the opening instalment. And poor Lord Jellicoe and the elder school of admirals must feel a trifle sore. Unless indeed it is the general opinion of public men that it is better to be singled out for disparagement in this terrible showing-up of mediocrity than to be lumped anonymously with a nameless herd of half-men and *crétins*, who could not or would not recognize the genius of Winston Churchill. Certainly the impression left on one after reading these early instalments is not one which Mr. George intended to convey—that in a kingdom of the blind, even a man with half of an eye could without difficulty set up for King. In a word, in so contemptuously disparaging his contemporaries, Mr. George reduces his own stature. The art of making enemies is in his hands by no means a gentle art. I am more than ever convinced that not thus are reputations made or re-established in posterity's eye.

A MULTITUDE OF SINS.—Dr. Foxley Norris threw a douche of cold water on the activities of scores of fashionable women and professional organizers who work so very hard in the cause of charity. It is surely to the credit of young married women, who must dance all night, that they should come up to the scratch by noon, day after day, and face the Society photographer round a committee table in some fashionable house, and enter with any amount of vivacity and bright suggestions into

the details of the latest charity affair. It is not their fault that these committees are unwieldy, and that the paid organizer is positively hampered by his or her fashionable colleagues, or that there is rather more discussion than decision before the hour of luncheon brings down the merciful guillotine. These young ladies know the weight of their own fashionable names. They know that the hundred or so of the "Mrs. Leo Hunter" type (whose guineas are the objective) are grown cunning and hard and shrewd, and demand a dozen fashionable quo's for every quid reluctantly paid out. They pay to "meet the Prince," and not the hospital deficit. The dean argues that we, who are neither hunters nor hunted, would, if this fashionable and golden spring dried up, once more create with our trickles of generosity a permanent source of income for all these charities in dire need. He says that this playing at Lady Bountiful, this giving without tears, this snobbery in the cloak of sweet charity, is killing the spirit of Christian giving in Britain. But does he not speak too late? Wisdom generally misses the 'bus. Are we still ready to forego our cynical delight in watching the pillaging of Mrs. Leo Hunter, and in laughing at the absurdities of the sugar-babies playing at business? We are hardened to this method of keeping the hospitals going which enables us to watch the fun with our hands in our pockets—and kept there. We wait contentedly till Mrs. Leo Hunter is bled white and the little ladies invent a new game. Moses and the prophets won't call 'em off while there's an atom of scent.

of the Colour which was held last Monday accompanied by the Prince of Wales, uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards, and Hussars

PRESERVE THE BARRICADES.—About ten years ago I remember writing an article for a popular London evening paper (I was myself popular then) entitled "Democratise the Squares." Or perhaps I called it "Down with the Barricades." Anyhow, it was an urgent plea for the removal of the rusty iron railings and the dingy hedges which keep from Londoners those lovely vistas of green open spaces, lawns, and flowers in the London square gardens. I met the obvious objections as to property rights by suggesting that the experiment should be tried in some square which had become commercialized by over 50 per cent. Now, I notice that once more the cry against those barriers has been raised, and once more it has been urged how enormously it would add to the dignity and charm of Central London if the passing public could at least get a view of those green lawns. Much has happened in the last ten years, much has happened to alter the opinion I once held (if ever I seriously held it) as to the desirability of taking away the barricades. While I would vote for any proposal to remove the sight-obstructing hedges, I would to-day defend the barricades against the mob. The hedges should go, for even the little privileged darlings who play inside the gardens of privilege pant for publicity and get a good deal of it in the nursery. But the barricades must stay, I have changed my mind about our democracy. It is incurably, incorrigibly indecent. It lays its destructive hands on everything that is beautiful, and drags it down to the level of its own backyard dust heap. Ten years' experience of the public has convinced me that there is more need than ever of barriers against its indecent assaults upon Nature, and on Nature adorned by art.

WEST WITTERING.—I saw West Wittering, a little, lost watering place a few miles from Chichester, for the first time a month ago. I believe it to be the only, or about the only, frontage to the sea between Brighton and Poole, not yet vulgarized, bungalow-pocked, and commercialized. Charabancs are not allowed there, so that hotels, kiosks, miniature golf, greasy paper, cartons, speed tracks, esplanades, and the other curses of development are not found there. It is dull and select and the authorities are jealous of its reputation and keep a guard on building development. Already land is sold there up to £7 a square foot. Naturally, it is growing, but last week I judged it safe for a few years to come. And then I read letters in *The Times*. A "syndicate" has clapped its lecherous eyes on West Wittering Harbour, one of the most charming old tidal waterways, flanked by salt marshes, haunted by wild fowl, meandering up to Chichester itself. You can see masts and sails, apparently belonging to ships becalmed in meadows, much as you do in the Broads. The syndicate sees a chance of one more super-hotel and golf course. It only means money, cement for sea walls, and esplanades, speed tracks and curbs and parking places, and the old harbour could be transformed into a place fit for heroes to live in. It is said that the Board of Trade, the authority concerned, smiles on the project and is prepared to accept it. When it is too late, the Government of the day will itself propose a Ministry of Defence whose duty it will be to protect the (vanished) beauty of England. To it every scheme of development from whatever department will be submitted for approval. It will be a department presided over by a man of strong will, of some education and even refinement, enough education at least to realize that money is not everything in life and that a "sound business proposition" may well start out, bankrupt in sense, bankrupt in taste, and bankrupt in fitness. A man like the late Lord Grey should be aimed at for its first Secretary. Not a man with the mind of a golfer or a typical Civil Servant. That will be about as near as we shall get to a Ministry of Defence, and of course it will come too late.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS.—The Birthday Honours list calls for no extraordinary commentary. It continues to show doubting Canadians that its purpose is harmless, necessary, and in no sense insidious or undemocratic. If the House of Lords, unconscious of its doom or grown used to the dangling sword of Damocles, is enriched with one more territorial magnate, it is also enriched with a legal luminary and an industrial magnate the more. And if it come to that, Mr. Gerald Loder's public services include the chairmanship of the Southern Railway and a great deal of hard work in the cause of arboriculture. Everyone will acknowledge that Mr. Eden has deserved to be sworn of H.M.'s Privy Council; Lords Leven and Cameron of Lochiel, who become Knights of the Thistle, have put in any amount of hard work in their respective counties in Scotland, and join an order of knighthood which has become conspicuous for the ability, industry, and experience of its members. Sir John Reith goes from strength to strength, and must welcome criticism which leads so quickly and so directly to the stars. No one can better adorn or deserve a knighthood than Captain Craven, managing director of Vickers-Armstrong.

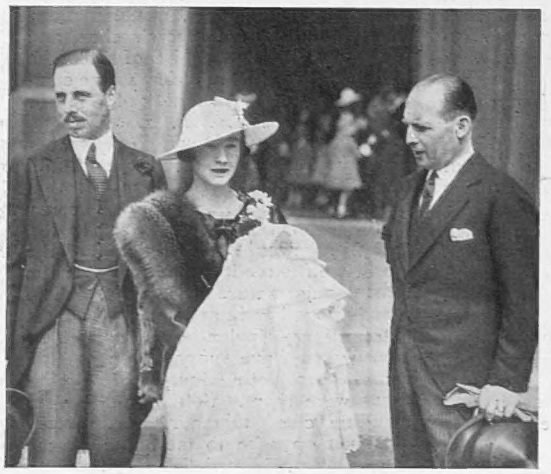
THEY'RE OFF!—The blue riband of the Turf will have been awarded before these lines are in print but after they were written down. A journalist who took risks, who dared to abuse his sacred trust, would perhaps tie it round Lord Glanely's chest and say a few words in praise of Colombo invictus, throwing in a few vague commendations of the running of Windsor Lad, Tiberius, Easton, Lo Zingaro, Medieval Knight. Not I. I remember Signorinetta, Orby; recall the oft-told tale of Hermit and remind myself that the race is not won till it is run. The way of the favourite may be as hard as the going. The race is the thing and all the world is off to see it run, now as ever the most popular fixture of the year. "The scene altogether in and out is the most extraordinary England can produce . . . You would have supposed on looking round that both Houses of Parliament were there. Sefton and I were standing close together, Lord Jersey was just opposite to me and near me Lord Derby, Edward Stanley, Duke of York, Duke of Rutland, etc." These words were written 110 years ago in *Cedric's* year, but they serve very well for the unchanging fixture in this year of grace.

THE OLD STAGER

ALMOST AS CROWDED AS ON A RACE DAY: Epsom Downs were thronged last Sunday when thousands of people arrived by car, 'bus, train, and on foot to inspect the track prior to the Derby. "Turf advisers" offering "priceless" information at prices ranging from 1d. to 1s., gipsies with their gaily painted caravans, and ice-cream vendors, were much in evidence

THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON: Top-hatted Etonians and their relations attending "Absence" (the roll call) in Weston's Yard. An afternoon of glorious sunshine helped to make the festivities as colourful and as brilliant as ever

AT THE EXHIBITION OF "ENGLISH WOMEN'S CLOTHING IN THE aid of the Pioneer Health Centre. *Left*—A cloak of chocolate cloth dress of tourterelle (1859-60). *Right*—The Hon. Mrs. Owen Edwardes

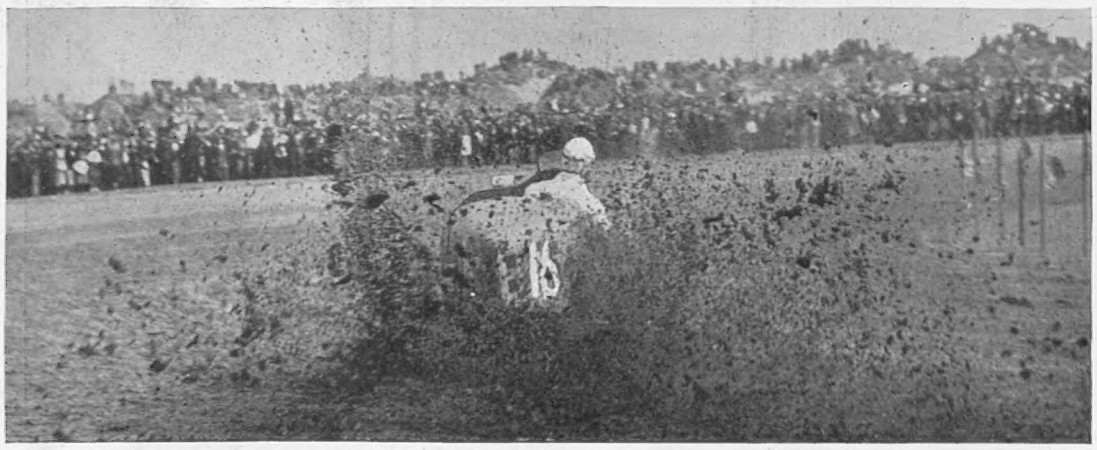


MAJOR SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY STANIER, whose infant son was christened last week at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. King George of Greece (right) was one of the godparents

RHYTHM OF THE DANCE: At the Women's League of Health and Beauty demonstration of dancing and physical exercises which was held recently near the Serpentine, Hyde Park

A COPYIST AT WORK: Miss Constance M. Smith, who for the last four years has been engaged in making an actual-size copy of Frith's famous painting, "Derby Day." There are ninety-seven tiny figures in the foreground, and Miss Smith uses a magnifying glass to obtain the correct details

OWNERS GIVE THEIR DERBY TIPS AT THE PRESS CLUB LUNCHEON: Left—Mr. J. A. Dewar, who won the race with Cameronian in 1931, said, "Medieval Knight might be in the place money." Right—The Maharajah of Rajpipla said, "With a little luck Windsor Lad will not be out of the first three"



CAR RACING ON SOUTHPORT SANDS: T. V. G. Selby rounding a corner at speed in the 100-mile race

THE LOND

Its Place in

IN THE COURSE of my life, I have heard about, read about, enjoyed, missed, returned to, shunned, lost, and regained interest in the London Season.

But I have never despised it, never under-rated its importance. After all, for 100 years and more, in its present form, it has attracted and held the interest of men and women, public and private, big and small, British and foreign; and there is less ground than ever to-day for deciding that the Season is made up of trivialities which have no vital significance. Fifty years ago, perhaps, we might have said, unchallenged: "Politics matter, sport does not," or "Social fixtures are ephemeral, political events historical." To-day we dare not deny significance to anything which affords interest and profit to a by-no-means negligible proportion of the population, and brings to our country thousands of foreigners with money in their pockets (on arrival). In this year of grace (and at this season of the year) we are much more inclined truly to believe that the London Season matters a great deal and politics not much. Anyway, no other capital in the world has (or ever has had) a "Season" with a two-line capital S.

SO let us treat this Season of ours with the deference it deserves. Its climax is approaching. Let us recall what is gone and anticipate what is to come.

It opened officially (as for a century past) with the Royal Academy banquet, attended by the customary galaxy of princes, peers, ministers, and men of war and the arts. It was enlivened by "a voice," an indiscreet voice which rather flummoxed the Premier, and later received a merited rebuke. But when the Academy opened, public opinion admitted that for once the pictures on the wall were more lively than the speeches after the banquet.

A voice played a prominent part also in the thrills of a really gorgeous (almost Edwardian) opening night at Covent Garden. The chosen opera was *Fidelio*, and perhaps Beethoven's peerless masterpiece had better have been postponed until police and public were better drilled. Unfortunately vital streets were "up," and it was not entirely the fault of the audience that Sir Thomas Beecham was disturbed in the early part of the overture. He turned round and said a short, sharp mouthful, and ever since the audience has been a model one. And a magnificent season it has been. Outstanding for *Fidelio* alone, it has given us two quite new and interesting operas and many old favourites. Lehmann has been herself and has been competently supported, and Sir Thomas Beecham has done wonders. The Italian season succeeded to Wagner, and will shortly give place to Russian ballet.

WHILE on the subject of music Mr. John Christie's courageous effort must be mentioned as a novel and charming item of the Season. At his new and most satisfactory opera house at Glyndebourne he has provided in an enchanting setting, under Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert, a fortnight of Mozart. London, Brighton, and Lewes supported the costly undertaking, and paid it the tribute of boiled shirts. The military tournament at Olympia opened the ball of soldiers' pageants and horse shows, the best of which are yet to come. The

NINETEENTH CENTURY" which is being held at 15, Portman Square, in (1834-36), summer dress of white Scottish muslin (1830-32), and a carriage and the Dowager Lady Swaythling inspecting dresses of 1870 and 1882

ARRIVING TO PARTICIPATE IN THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA: Members of the Egyptian Mounted Police unloading their ponies from the S.S. *Mundra* at the Albert Docks, London

ON SEASON

Our Social Life

Chelsea Flower Show, taking not the smallest notice of drought and night-frost, blossomed as gloriously as ever, and (with the aid of London's water supply) made the mouths of Yorkshiremen and Hampshiremen water with a chain of "fringed pools and ferned grots" as permanent and convincing as ever.

The King and Queen have been everywhere, patronizing and declaring open—at the opera, at a command variety performance, at Olympia, at Chelsea, at the Academy, in the cause of charity and the cause of art. Two pairs of Courts have already taken place and a third is due on June 13 and 14. Miracles, nowadays, of businesslike organization inside and outside the Palace. How different from the Victorian drawing-rooms of my youth, when one's mother and sister appeared at an early *luncheon*, dressed and coiffured for the dreary ceremony. Royal guests from Japan and Nepal have already tasted British hospitality and observed some British engines of war at practice. And Lord Lonsdale has arrived for the Horse Show and has actually been seen riding in the Row—quite like old times. Quite like old times also is the constantly increasing interest in the horse, among all classes. Riding masters flourish, hunting refuses to die, and the younger generation is fitting itself to carry on with determination. The Australians have been showing their metal at Lord's and the Oval under Sir Stanley Jackson's eye, and England's first twenty-two have revealed the chief skeleton in our locker also—the dearth of effective fast bowling. Golf so far has provided some thrills, and all too many smashing triumphs for America. The Walker Cup and the Amateur Championship are back across the Atlantic but the Open is still undecided.

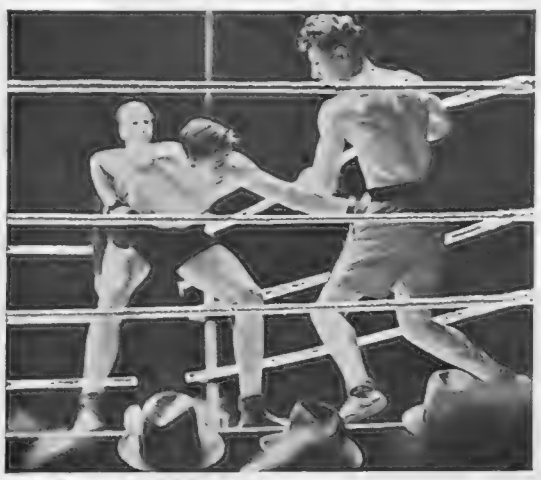
A GREAT deal of quite good polo has been played and received too little attention. And now at last the centre of interest in lawn tennis begins to shift to London and Wimbledon. As for the débutantes, since the beginning of May they have had the choice of from two to five dances a night. The present week has been dazzlingly full of pageantry and revelry. Sunday was the King's sixty-ninth birthday, and on Monday the Birthday Honours List rejoiced quite a few, and I hope disappointed none. London flocked to the Trooping of the Colour, our one official goose-step parade, solemnly presented before the critical eyes of Europe's soldiers.

It was also Eton's great day and by four o'clock the weather grew kinder, the sun came out, and even the wind relented at last, and all the usual fixtures went off with the usual zest, until at long last the grand pyrotechnic finale warmed the heart of the most shivering and pessimistic parent on the river bank. And so to the Derby, whether Colombo's or . . . A Derby of drought and dust, at any rate, with Derby dinners and balls to follow. My own Derby experiences were not stimulating. I saw the triumph of "Boss" Croker, of Chevalier Ginestrelli, and of a third foreigner. Neither as race nor show is it a favourite with me. The plums are being steadily eaten but the basket is still half full. Ascot, the Tattoo, the second Test match, Wimbledon, Lord's, the garden party, Henley, Goodwood, are all ahead, and the sun was never going stronger.

J. G.

PERSONALITIES AT THE COACHING CLUB MEETING IN HYDE PARK: Sir Walter Gilbey, stickler for etiquette in the Row, and Lord Desborough, famed for his rowing exploits

PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK, who was recently entertained with her husband, who is a grandson of Prussia's Iron Chancellor, at a garden party at New College, Oxford



A THRILLING FIGHT AT THE WHITE CITY: *Left*—Jack Petersen, who last Monday regained the British heavyweight title from Len Harvey, punching his opponent in a corner of the ring. *Right*—One of the many clinches which marred the opening rounds. Petersen, who was in his best form, easily avenged his defeat of six months ago and showed that his defence is now as sound as his attack

AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT OLYMPIA: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose watching from the Royal Box with some of their young friends. The Duchess of York is on the right

Scenes

PERILS OF THE TARMAC: An unusual incident in Hyde Park where the Coaching Club met last Saturday for a drive to Ranelagh. As this coach was starting off, one of the horses refused to move and came down heavily in the road. The leaders had to be unhooked, and it was some minutes before the offender was soothed with the help of much patting and some sugar

VERY MUCH IN THE NEWS: Prince Alexis Mdivani going out to play for his polo team, Les Diables, which beat Friar Park in the final tie of the Visitors' Handicap Tournament at Hurlingham last Saturday

GENERAL BAHADUR SHUMSHERE JUNG BAHADUR RANA, head of the Nepalese Mission to London, leaving for Buckingham Palace to see the King whom he presented with the insignia of a new order

LEAVING LAST WEEK'S LEVEE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE: Lieut.-General C. P. Deedes and his son, 2nd Lieut. C. J. Deedes

THE OPENING RACE OF [illegible] Royal Harwich Regatta round the King's

"AND ALL I ASK IS [illegible] FOR THE FIRST TIME [illegible] as the

of the Season on Sea and Land

THE SEASON FOR BIG CUTTERS: A fine action picture of *Britannia* at the When the race was brought to an unexpected close at the end of the first forty-one-year-old yacht was second to Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's *Endeavour*

"TALL SHIP": *Left*—Mr. Herman A. Andrea at the wheel of his yacht *Candida*, which was third in the race for big cutters at the Royal Harwich Regatta. *Right*—RACING Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's America's Cup Challenger, *Endeavour*, which was awarded first prize after the Yacht Club committee had decided to treat the finish of the first round finish of the race. *Endeavour* was not properly tested as the *Velsheda's* new patent bending boom broke and she had to give up when in the lead

LAHEJ: AN ARABIAN BUFFER STATE

On the Road from Yemen to Aden

The success of his incursion into the Yemen makes King Ibn Saud the most powerful ruler in Arabia. The question arises: What will he do next? It is possible that he will leave the Aden Protectorate severely alone, and by so doing allow British authority to remain unchallenged. The situation, however, is decidedly delicate, and future developments will be awaited with the keenest interest. The following article describes the territory of the Sultan of Lahej, which lies to the north of Aden, and would, if Ibn Saud decided to pursue his all-conquering career, be in a dangerously exposed position. The Sultan is a close friend and ally of Britain.

SOME 12 deg. north of the equator lies Aden, the sun-cursed Cinderella of the East.

It has little to recommend it to the east-bound traveller, exacerbated by a following wind in the Red Sea, and the prickly heat of the Gulf of Aden. No wonder it is referred to in fiction as exile, and regarded by the soldier as a punishment station—a British Devil's Island.

The view from the harbour does not tend to enhance its reputation. The foreground of Jewish and Greek shops, overflowing with land sharks, crowds of avaricious bum-boatmen, touts (known as rock scorpions), put the finishing touch to the impression of Dante's Inferno suggested by the gaunt, cruel peaks—the burnt-out crater of a long dead volcano.

Aden to the uninitiated spells a visit to the nearest booth for ostrich feathers, Turkish delight, or the inevitable camel brand cigarette; a drive round the Tanks, and possibly a salacious peep at the obvious sex of the stuffed mermaids. Only one in a hundred—possibly a thousand—knows aught of the veritable oasis of delight, within a distance of some thirty odd miles.

Westward, a glance across the glittering harbour to the distant shore, reveals a small collection of fishermen's huts huddled together where the Wadi Kabir flows into the sea. Follow the emerald streak of palms northward towards the distant peaks till it spreads into a dark blur upon the desert. This—but thirty miles from Aden—is the oasis of Lahej.

ON WINDLESS DAYS when there is no drifting sand, before the mirage has distorted vision, the distant palace walls gleam opalescent in the rising dawn. How few know of the existence—within sight of their floating gin palaces—of this small principality flowing with Arabian milk and honey—waving crops of kirbi and jowari—dates, pomegranates, mangoes, banks of tamarind and mimosa, acre upon acre of sweet hariali grass.

THE SULTAN OF LAHEJ: Sir Abdul Karim ibn Ali Al-Abdali, K.C.I.E.—a thoroughly enlightened Arab and a friend of Britain

From the hills the Wadi Tiban brings down the river, bifurcating north of Lahej into the Wadis Kabir and Saghir. Between these two nestles the oasis of Lahej. The waters are dammed and diverted into the necessary channels, and by a clever system of terracing, the fields and gardens are fed with constant running water. Except in time of spate very little or no water escapes through the desert south of Lahej into the sea, and the small villages of the hinterland are almost entirely dependent on the supply of water from the wells.

North of the oasis, mile upon mile of saffron sand, stained by the cloud shadows, stretch to the far Yemen hills, where, like a distant storm, mutters the menace of Ibn Saud.

Lahej is the capital of the Abdali tribe, bound by treaties as the faithful ally of the British Government. Their Sultan is our esteemed and well-beloved friend. At the Sultan's direct request the oasis is closely guarded from outside curiosity and penetration.

THE STORM CENTRE OF ARABIA: A map showing the position of Lahej in relation to the port of Aden and to the mountainous area of Yemen where King Ibn Saud is concluding the war with the Imam

The present head of the Abdali house—His Highness the Sultan Sir Abdul Karim ibn Ali Al-Abdali, K.C.I.E., a thoroughly enlightened Arab, has acted as buffer (since the departure of the Turks from the hinterland) between the Aden Protectorate and the constant encroaching Zeidi forces of the Imam of the Yemen.

Eighteen miles north of the oasis, past the ruined watch tower of Tannan, the only road north to the Yemen and Asir and the Protectorate boundary pierces the tangle of hills. This is the Khyber pass of the hinterland. Hold this and you possess the key to unlock the door to the Lahej oasis, and the fortress of Aden.

The Turks overran the Lahej oasis in 1915, and the palace was occupied by Said Pasha, the Turkish Generalissimo. On their defeat and subsequent evacuation of the Yemen they left Lahej in the semblance of a medieval ruin—the town, a cess pit—and the oasis stripped as by a flight of locusts. After years of reconstruction, the Sultan has built a city and palace worthy of the Abdali name.

Counting me among his few European friends, it has been my privilege to stay often with him in the palace.

THE JOURNEY, which used to be only feasible by camel, can now be made in an hour or more from the frontier post of Dar-al-Amir. But for occasional patches of camel thorn and scattered mimosa the way is a via dolorosa of interminable sand dunes. A few goats and tethered camels huddled around a stone well, and a few scattered huts denote the only life. Sometimes the tomb of some holy sheikh or saiyyid struggles free of drifted sand; but the general impression is of the abomination of desolation, more especially in the hot months with the thermometer at 120 degrees, and the sand dancing a devil's saraband.

The cultivation appears with the suddenness of a hedge, and one passes suddenly from the uncanny silence of the desert to the gurgle of water in the irrigation channels, and the whisper of the wind through the green crested jowari. I shall never forget my horse's delight when, after three war years of brackish well water, he first lowered his muzzle into the cool waters of the Tiban.

THE TOWN is surrounded by gardens luscious with exotic fruit, and groves heavy with golden dates and bananas. It has been reconstructed chiefly in mud—all the woodwork of the better-class houses having been torn down to satisfy Turkish greed. An occasional house still possesses a door or latticed window. Some of the ceilings still retain traces of their Koranic arabesques, but most of the town still suffers from the handiwork of the unspeakable Turk.

In the centre of the town lies the market square surrounded by the merchants' booths. Here at all times—except the midday hours when all Arabia sleeps—can be seen every type in the Lahej cosmos. The true Abdali is of typical Arabian type—spare and aquiline—in contradistinction to the Tihama negroid strain introduced by the female domestic slaves. Most of the askaris (or professional soldiery) are Somalis dressed more or less in a common uniform, and armed with a rifle and several bandoliers of evil-looking slugs—of almost medieval appearance.

Every Laheji (other than the Hijri, or half-breed) wears tucked into the kilt-like foutah the national weapon—the jambiah, a curved knife, whose master stroke disembowels from the navel to the chin.

The jebelli, or wild man from the hills, is distinguished by his dishevelled oiled locks, and with the exception of an indigo rag about his middle, by his apparently complete nudity.

Yet all owe allegiance to His Highness the Abdali Sultan, whose power in life and death is absolute, a fact emphasized by the recently erected gallows in the market square.

He has a small standing army of askaris, whose morale is considerably augmented by a brass band under the baton of a Turkish bandmaster. His brother administers the law wisely and well.

The internal routine of the palace runs as efficiently, for the privileged guest, as a well-ordered European establishment. Every comfort is provided under the personal supervision of the Sultan himself. Hot baths and electric light, comfortable beds, and cool rooms. Outside, the sand drifts in waves over the tennis courts and blinds the clusters of electric lamps; but within, the atmosphere is redolent of an Oriental Government House—an oasis of shaded comfort encircled by limitless sand.

Most nights we eat à l'arabe, my host passing me the titbits from his own plate. Unspiced mutton and platters of rice. Bread soaked in hot butter and the sweetest honey, then dipped into soup. But one night the Wazir asked should I care for a European dinner, and my palate was soothed with oysters from the Aden Club, lobster and exquisite fat-tailed sheep, and the finest Moka coffee.

HIS HIGHNESS, swathed in an abba of exquisite Persian weave and a foutah with silk tassels reaching below the knee, alternately smoked a nargileh, or plucked the tender leaves of a juicy bunch of "kat," a local aphrodisiac which is supposed to induce a sensation of intellectual exhilaration. Now and again he handed us a titbit; awhile my wife worked patiently at an orange jumper, His Highness's initiation, I feel certain, into Western domesticity.

Our stay terminated only too soon. Polished hospitality I can never forget.

Through the sword-cut in the great scarped ranges, past the ruined fort of Al Tannan, to the sanctuary of the Lahej Serais, wind the great camel caravans—with rumours of war in the distant Yemen.

With tales of the invincible King of all Arabia—Abd-Al-Aziz ibn Saud, the conqueror of Central Arabia, the Hedjaz of Asir and Idrisi; and now challenging the sovereignty of the Imam of all the Yemen.

Tales of the attack on Holy Sanaa,
Is no city sacred to this Arabian iconoclast?

Perhaps the ruins of Marib (100 miles east of Sanaa), the mythical city of Balkis, Queen of Sheba, and the legend of buried gold, will lure the Wahabi awhile from further conquests. Perhaps the "ikwan" of Ibn Saud will emulate the Imam's marauding Zaranik and cast envious glances at the milch camels and waving crops of the Lahej oasis.

Then the Haushabi, the Aulaki, the Amiri, and Abdali, and all the host of protected tribes may at last cherish the strong right arm of the white ruler of the Aden Protectorate.

Leonard M. Handley

LONELY MAJESTY: The 22,000-ft. peak discovered by Mr. F. Kingdon Ward, the noted explorer and botanist

THE EASTERN END OF THE HIMALAYAS

Seen for the First Time by Western Eyes

It has been the general belief for some time that the great Himalayan mountain barrier ended at the gorge of the Tsangpo. For ten years Mr. F. Kingdon Ward has sought to prove that the range penetrated still farther eastwards towards China, and now at last his efforts have been rewarded with the remarkable discovery in a hitherto unexplored area of Tibet of a majestic snow peak of 22,000 ft. This is fully 100 miles to the east of the Tsangpo, and is part of what is now called the Sino-Himalayan range. The explorer also traced a section of the little-known Salween River, and discovered another great river the existence of which had never been suspected

THE CHOMBO GLACIER discovered by Mr. Kingdon Ward during his recent expedition in Tibet. It is 12 miles long and 1,000 yds. wide. In describing it he says: "The forest through which the glacier crept was enchanting in foliage and flower. We went into camp on the edge of the snow, and watched the dwarf irises, primulas, and lilies opening one by one as the tide went out and left this coloured flotsam stranded. All round us the avalanches roared down. Violent thunderstorms danced among the snow peaks, and the glacier cracked and groaned"

The model illustrated is the Twenty-70 Sports Saloon at £360

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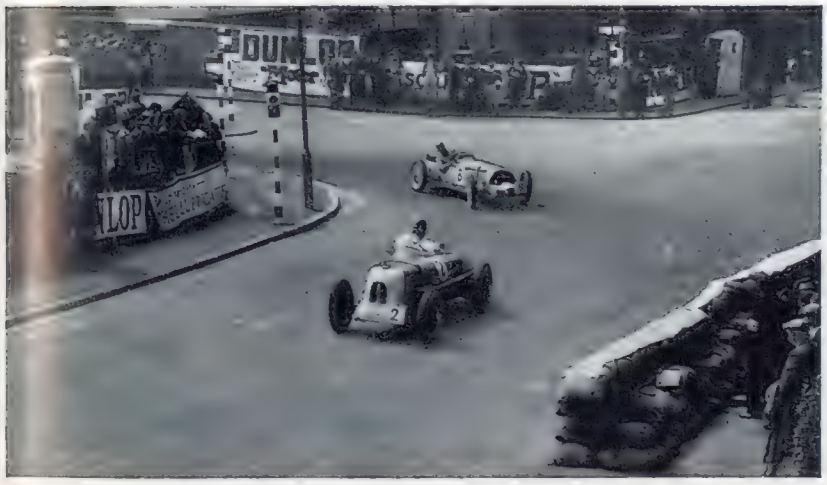
C.F.H.

THE MANNIN BEG

And Other Matters of Mechanical Interest

A POWERFUL WEAPON OF DEFENCE: These sensitive horns, which can betray the approach of enemy aircraft, were put into operation during recent Air Defence exercises at St. Pölten, Germany



THRILLS AND SPILLS IN THE MANNIN BEG, last week's light car race through the streets of Douglas, Isle of Man. It ended in a great triumph for the M.G. Magnettes, which gained the first four places. *Left*—G. E. T. Eyston (No. 8) following P. L. Donkin round Hill Corner. *Right*—Wal Handley crashing broadside-on into the sand-bagged lamp standard at Broadway Corner. At the time of the accident he was in the lead

THE VICTOR: Norman Black, who won the Mannin Beg at an average speed of 70·99 m.p.h. He was somewhat fortunate as Freddy Dixon, driving a Riley, had a clear lead, but ran out of petrol with only a few miles to go

SIR IAN WALKER in an armoured car at Chatsworth Park, Derbyshire, where the Sherwood Rangers are in camp. Sir Ian lives at Osmaston Manor, near Derby

POSSESSOR OF £20,000,000: Mr. Andrew Mellon—still one of the world's richest men. He has just been acquitted on charges of tax evasion

SEÑOR JUAN MARCH, who made his money out of shipping, banking, and newspapers, is the last Spanish millionaire on the grand scale

THE PRINCE OF LIECHTENSTEIN, who is probably as wealthy as King Leopold of Belgium and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy

HERR JACOB GOLDSMITH, who, as head of the Darmstaedter Bank, was once one of the wealthiest men in Germany. He lost his fortune

OF COGNAC FAME: M. Jean Hennessy who is rated second to M. Gillet among France's few remaining millionaires

Crœsus in Crisis

Where are the Millionaires of Yesterday?

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT IS AN EVENT these days to have pointed out to you, abroad, a genuine sterling millionaire, let alone one worth £10,000,000. Birds of that feather are growing ever rarer as we leave behind us both pre- and post-War worlds.

Of course there survive so-called "millionaires" by the dozen. An American with 1,000,000 dollars—paltry £200,000! Each winner in France of the puny 5,000,000 franc lottery prize finds himself acclaimed as a "multi-millionaire." Why, even your mark-millionaire is a six times bigger man than that! No. Such are mere shrimps, and one is inclined to add to them ephemerals like Stavisky, Gialdini, Oustric, and possibly even Hatry, who never possessed the real dough, or were eternally having to hand this on.

On the other hand, I have a list of perhaps a score of international fortunes which we may profitably consider.

It is a fascinating if delicate study. Millionaires are not in the habit of shouting their affairs from the roof tops and freely the only key must be taxation returns—yet in how many lands are even these accurately made? In some of the most golden cases—Indian Princes—no returns are necessary at all. Nevertheless, a fair residue of material does remain upon which to go.

Bank crashes, swooping stocks, colossal swindles have formed our fodder of depression for nigh on five years now. The fate of great personal fortunes in an organically stricken period has not earned much publicity. In England, evidence derives chiefly from the periodic sale of famous seats and from no less celebrated auctions. But in the wider field? Who are they who succeed in protecting their gilded pile through thick and thin? The casualties appear to have been very heavy. It is hardly too much to say that, exception made of one or two countries, outstanding individual wealth seems to be steadily disappearing from the earth. Perhaps never to return. A Hitler, a Mussolini, a Roosevelt, may not as yet have openly gone as far as De Valera (in theory) in declaring that no citizen should be allowed a higher income than £60,000 per annum, yet there are unmistakeable signs right and left that, financial troubles aside, the bigger men, or their would-be imitators, are finding circumstances increasingly confronting them of a nature calculated to render anything heretofore approaching wealth utterly impossible of amassing.

TAKE Señor Juan March. As a result of Republican dispossessing, he is the last Spanish millionaire on the grand scale. The ex-King's salving is given as anything between £8,000 and £20,000 a year, a bagatelle beside the royal moneybags of the past. Señor March "is" shipping, banking, newspapers, commerce; in fact, Señor March is all sorts of things. For the moment, behold him, there he stands, or rather currently lolls, in his Majorcan home following a long prison spell. The last of his kind in the Peninsula. Tableau!

Quickly immense Russia may be brushed over; millionaires (even in domestic roubles) are rarer than salmon in the Sahara. What a permanent casualty list here; "Russian" having once been suggestive of a personal wealth second only to that of the Indies.

In the adjacent Baltic States, abolition of the great agrarian properties has blotted out one-time millionaires, and the same thing has happened in Czechoslovakia. One first-class case does, however, survive in Prague in the Lignite King, Petschek. Even the banking end of the family has not suffered and still pays tax on 2 milliards of crowns. Petschek is to-day the richest man in Central Europe, the summit long occupied by one German or another.

Passing to that country, the richest German to-day is the ex-Kaiser. The (at least) dignified old *retraité* of Doorn has managed to retain a considerable portion of the Prussian Crown property which amounted in 1914 to 753 millions of marks. In addition, he received a lump sum of 15,000,000 marks plus the right to a now very reduced revenue emanating from his former personal fortune of 200,000,000 marks. If you hear tales of his having had latterly to reduce expenditure, that has its causation elsewhere than in smitten fortune. Hitler won't let ex-Majesty take money out of Germany any more than the new Super-All-Highest allows ordinary Germans to do so, though whether the Leader has cut the seigneur of Doorn to the regulation maximum of 200 marks a month, for Germans outside of Germany, is doubtful.

GERMAN CASUALTIES, since the Stinnes son lost nearly all of 200,000,000 marks through clinging to his father's inflationist policy, have been imposing. The second richest German survivor is the metallurgical king, Friedrich Flick, though much of his pre-crisis *kolossal* fortune of 500,000,000 marks has vanished. Still, Flick has consolidated a lot by taking over the affair of Rhineland brown coal. Next to him comes Otto Wolff who used to be far away, with only 100,000,000 pre-crisis marks. Both Thyssen and Krupp no longer belong in the first category. Other major casualties have been Jacob Michael, Berlin financier who held on until last year before seeing his fortune of 100,000,000 marks fly to atoms, and Jacob Goldsmith who, as head of the Darmstaedter Bank, was Germany's richest banker and lost the lot. These were essentially the millionaires of speculation as distinct from favoured ones of more solid property, yet even the latter have dissolved in Germany as was emphasized by the painful attempted grabbing by the Junker landed gentry laid bare in the *Osthilfe* scandal, before Von Papen smothered the matter for the honour of his kind.

After the War, after inflation, Germany still had thirty big millionaires of over 10,000,000 marks. Now, only a brace of major fortunes survive, besides Doorn. But Fritz Thyssen of the Ruhr may be coming up on the rails, with German rearming. And not he alone. We shall see; we shall see how Hitler proposes to deal with private millionairing from the arms industry.

In the Scandinavian trinity, master millionaires have gone clean out of fashion since Ivar Kreuger, with his legacy of £28,000,000 *personal* liabilities, and one doesn't envisage a lively recrudescence of the type. Oh, what a fall was there when Ivar fell! Beacon of Sweden, particularly of its youth. There may exist candidates in the North but I have not been able to trace them, nor can I list a Belgian in the wake of Löwenstein, of artificial silk boom and doom, save in the person of Leopold III, who may be the second richest monarch after Victor Emmanuel. It is a moot point if the reigning Prince of tiny Liechtenstein may not be personally richer than either; anyway, he goes into this attenuated surviving Crœsus list.

Young Otto recently entered into possession of minor Hungarian property, but still has relatively nothing. Against this, certain others of these parts, through not having been ravished of their lands, cannot be excluded here, though probably not one of them could mobilize £10,000,000 or anything like it. I refer to the families of Esterhazy, Potocki, Pless, and Radziwill. These were once of the very richest. They are not yet out of the running. Regarding Austria, there has been wiping out entire. Even the Vienna Rothschilds had to come to the Old Lady for a loan of £5,000,000 to keep their roof up. Prior to that, Rüdi Starhemberg had collapsed under inflation, as later did the two notorious Vienna inflationists, Castiglioni and Bosel. The isolated cases clinging on, in general, are those who sunk their wealth in something solid and abiding.

Travelling north once more, two major millionaires are still going strong at Amsterdam in the banker, Rhodius Koenigs, and the financier, Fritz Mannheimer, both of whom had their start in Germany. But you see how rare the species now is. One has to comb the wide, wide acres occasionally to come up with a representative type of what once was nothing exceptional. Take France; you hear a great deal about a Citroën, as you did about a Bata. They don't figure here. France's richest is an unknown gentleman named Gillet, silk merchant of Lyons, though how he is currently faring in that deprived city is another matter. Still, these French *industriels*, some of them, do know how to cotton to their gains. Next to Gillet, comes J. Hennessy, of cognac fame, and after that the at present much criticized Louis-Louis Dreyfus, wheat king. The once highly-perched Coty has slid right away, part of the reason having been the world's record alimony of 430,000,000 francs a year (could anyone be worth it, Cleopatra herself?).

Coty took a fearful toss with the collapse of the U.S. market, every blonde and brunette over there having preferred Coty. Who else remains in the Republic? The de Wendels of Lorraine ore, the Rothschilds of banking Paris, who have gone so cautiously, and I cannot help believing also the Schneiders of Creusot, though I am told they are much "split up" and do not belong in the upmost hierarchy of money. I can't believe it, especially now. And that is France; and that is also very nearly the end of this survey which does not pretend to extend to England, to America, or to the East. You know your Coats, Wills, Joiceys, Ashtons, Iveaghs, Rothschilds, Westminsters, Morrisons, Courtaulds, Ellermans, Baileys, better than I do. Still, it does not require to be said that the big millionaire survives infinitely more in the U.K. than anywhere else in Europe; probably more so than in the U.S.A.

I DON'T know where to allot two massive other ones in Sir Basil Zaharoff and Sir Henri Deterding. Both seem on the face of it English, though foreigners persist in listing them as Greek and Dutch respectively. Anyway, of course they very nearly top our list; possibly one of them does top it. Also, on account of his close business connections with Europe, the Aga Khan must be here included, thanks to those precious pence from 7,000,000 faithful subjects back home. A very European figure. And the ex-Khedive, with his great tobacco and other interests in the Near East, is understood to have weathered the storm. Yet the tale is chiefly one of the exit of the species, outside one or two orbits. Take two more major casualties: Patino, Bolivian tin king, and the Susoki family in Japan.

But South America is littered with fallen millionaires (they can also be found on the Rand) if the record be indubitably walked away with by the New Dealers. Only one American, in old John D., is to-day paying more than £200,000 income tax! Before October 12, 1929, historic day beside Serajevo, over 500 were doing so. Public Moneyman No. 2, Ford, is losing dizzily daily, though of course surviving for present purposes. With respect to Andy Mellon of aluminium, oil, banks, transport, everything, he is said still to retain a matter of £20,000,000. J. P. Morgan and the Guggenheims (badly hit) are others surviving *quand même*. As for the casualties, headed by Insull and by the lightning radio-millionaire, David Sarnoff, they are now forgotten men, or soon will be.

In Europe, Africa, and America

A POPULAR INNOVATION: The first public swimming pool in the Sudan which the Railway Company has just opened at Port Sudan, its terminus on the Red Sea. It is proving a great boon to the European population of the town

THE BURNT-OUT LIVESTOCK EXCHANGE IN CHICAGO after the disastrous fire which swept through the stockyards district and destroyed property valued at over £2,000,000. Three firemen were killed, twenty-five people were seriously injured, and 13,000 cattle, sheep, and pigs were burnt to death. It is generally believed that the conflagration started in a sheep pen where somebody had carelessly thrown a lighted cigarette

A BULL FIGHT IN FRANCE: A priest blessing the "Camargue Guardians" (cow-punchers and rough riders) before their annual bull-fight and display of horsemanship in the ancient Roman arena at Arles

REUNION IN AMERICA: Mr. William F. Gettle, a millionaire of Beverly Hills, California, and the latest victim of kidnappers, seen with his four children after his return home. His abductors were eventually caught and sentenced to life imprisonment

BACKING IT UP WITH FIGURES: The return of prosperity to Florida, America's tourist State, was celebrated recently when these bathing beauties took part in a parade with announcements painted on their backs showing the increases in business recorded by the banks, the railways, the newspapers, the postal department, and the building firms

A Talk with Marshal Balbo

The Man who Led Italy's Air Armada and who is now Governor of Libya

THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE, TRIPOLI: Where Marshal Balbo lives in state

MARSHAL ITALO BALBO: A popular and forceful personality

By LADY DRUMMOND HAY

"AVIATION is the best arm of peace. We are just entering the real Air Age. Future development in the air is as unlimited as space itself. The progress of aviation is the greatest safeguard against war. Paralyse or hinder that progress, and you not only hold back the world, but you increase the chances of war."

Marshal Italo Balbo delivered these terse, staccato sentences as he paced up and down the marble floor of a vast salon in the Palazzo Governatoriale in Tripoli. Shutters closed against the suffocating "ghibli"—South wind blowing a pall of oppressive heat from the Sahara over the city—intensified the perfume of the many bowls of flowers, and created an atmosphere of relaxation and peace which made it hard to realize that only a few hundred miles across the Mediterranean the nations of Europe are tense and torn with fear and rivalry. Only the energetic gestures and the ringing tones of the white-uniformed Marshal broke the spell of North African *dolce far niente*.

Mussolini startled the world the other day with his sensational declaration that "war is as necessary to mankind as is maternity to woman." To add weight to this amazing reasoning, he announced at the same time an extraordinary grant of £16,500,000 for Italy's new Air Programme.

I flew from London to Tripoli to get the views on aviation of Italy's first and only Marshal of the Air, the man who put Italy in the forefront of world aviation enterprise during his office as Air Minister in Mussolini's Cabinet. Balbo's title of Marshal of the Air is higher than that of our Air Marshal. It ranks with a British field-marshal or French maréchal. Balbo is indeed a kind of Lord High Admiral of the Italian Air Force, honour conferred for his daring and spectacular transatlantic formation flights. Marshal Balbo is the only man except Dr. Hugo Eckener, and his second-in-command, Captain Ernst Lehmann, who has commanded three flights across the Atlantic. The first time Balbo did it with fourteen 'planes, selling his aircraft to the Argentine Government; the second time to Chicago and back with twenty-four flying boats.

"Abolish aerial warfare entirely in every form, or leave developments in aviation alone," he declared. "It is no use trying to limit air armaments. It cannot effectively be done. I gave that question the closest study from every angle while I was Air Minister. Viewing it from the technical and every other aspect, I came to the definite conclusion that basically there is not sufficient differentiation between civil or commercial and military aircraft to preclude the possibility of quickly adapting commercial aeroplanes to military uses in time of war."

Nothing arouses the enthusiasm of the Marshal so much as the subject of aviation. Seating himself, he continued, "Take your four-passenger Waco, for instance. It could be turned into a fine bombing machine if there were no pursuit 'planes about. That illustrates what I am trying to point out. And even if agreement were possible between all the nations to do away with the military air arm—and I do not believe that such an agreement *is* possible—the nation which possessed the largest and most up-to-date civil and commercial air fleet would have a great advantage in time of war. I believe history tells us that in your country, England, people tried to prevent the use of steam engines for railway trains on the ground that they were dangerous and against public interest. To-day railway trains, motor cars, and lorries are among the most important factors in time of war. Would you to-day abolish the steam engine, the petrol combustion motor, or limit their uses to civilian peace purposes just because in time of war they become instruments of war?"

He rose, as if to give emphasis to his next words.

"I am certainly adamant when it comes to a question of bombarding cities and civilian populations. But it is just the very fear that such things may happen that acts as a check upon war. No one will attack a nation of flyers. The more that nations are prepared to defend themselves in the air, to retaliate with reprisals, the less likelihood there is of war. War, with soldiers fighting on a defined and limited, no matter how extensive, front, is one thing. But war, when soldiers in the air know that their helpless wives, children, and relatives are equally in peril miles behind the actual fighting front, is quite another."

Marshal Balbo expressed himself as very sceptical that any kind of an air convention limiting the use of aircraft in time of war would be concluded at Geneva.

"They haven't been able to come to an agreement on the abolition of the submarine."

Discussing the development of flying, Balbo said: "We have now come to the point where there is a division. There is the aviation of the past and the aviation of the future. We look back on aeroplanes that flew at sixty to seventy miles an hour, and look forward to seeing them fly at three hundred miles an hour or faster."

"How do you expect the autogiro to develop? Will it come into popular use?" I asked.

"Once it is practically developed, this type of aircraft may induce many persons to take up flying, to own and pilot a machine, who otherwise would never have gone into the air. The autogiro would be necessary if aeromotors had continued as unreliable and erratic as they were in the early days of aviation. But now aeromotors are so nearly perfect that one can really depend upon them, and not fly in constant anticipation of forced landings." Marshal Balbo cited his own experiences with the fine motors which bore him safely three times across the Atlantic. "Speed is what is required in the air."

I mentioned to the Marshal that the British Government is reported to have ordered a number of autogiros for experimental purposes in communication and liaison work behind the lines.

"I do not think the autogiro will play a great rôle in military operations," he answered. "For communication purposes, at any rate, short-wave wireless would be better and simpler."

I asked him then what nations he considers to be the most advanced in aviation. His reply came without hesitation.

"Technically and commercially — America. Militarily, France. Italy has the best flying personnel."

He added, "Commercially, I place the countries in this order—the United States, Great Britain, then Russia."

Speaking of British commercial aviation, he touched upon the vastness of the British Empire, necessitating rapid air communications and transport between the Motherland, the Dominions, and the Colonies.

He mentioned the proposed extension of an air line to Australia, commenting upon the marvellous opportunities that Britain has for developing aviation, and experimenting with both land- and sea-planes inside her own Empire. The fact that Britain has possessions scattered all over the globe should be a tremendous incentive to the development of fast aircraft and first-rate ground organization.

"It is obviously impossible at present to unify and centralize aviation organization in international Europe, but the United States, Britain, and Russia can do it within their own terrains."

Russia, in contrast to the far-flung British Empire and the United States, is a closed unit, a vast continent where the development of rapid land 'planes and fine ground organization is of paramount importance.

Even in the desert, as Governor-General of Libya, earth-bound to the work of civil administration and colonization, Marshal Balbo has his own seaplane, and keeps in closest contact with the progress of aviation all over the world.

AN AERIAL VIEW OF JAGHABUB, LIBYA: The aeroplane is playing a great part in the development of this important Italian colony

The "Revenge" Comes Home — Opening of the New Police College

HOME FROM FOREIGN SERVICE AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS: Relatives and friends going aboard H.M.S. *Revenge* (Flagship of the First Battle Squadron, Mediterranean Fleet) on her arrival in Portsmouth to pay off. This is the only time they are allowed to enter the dockyard without an official pass

A LANDMARK IN THE HISTORY OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE: The Prince of Wales, wearing the uniform of the Welsh Guards, walking with Lord Trenchard after the opening of the new Police College at Hendon, where cadets are now being trained for the higher posts in the service. H.R.H. also laid the foundation stone of a training school for constables

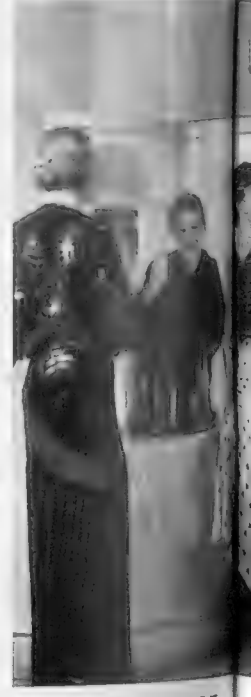
VIGN

of

"SEAS

A BOX AT THE OPERA

THE GLASS OF
Waiting in



L'HEURE

In order to record certain facets of the present London season, "The Sphere" puts before its readers the above series of pictures of *Intimate Moments* in the life of social beauties of the hour.

The London season reveals the triumph of human elegance as perhaps nowhere else at the present time, and to record this fact, the aid of Mr. Ronald Morrel, the distinguished couturier, was enlisted with the results shown here. The present season at the opera is summed up, as it were, in the scene on the left of the group of pictures. The pair of elegantes are discussing the latest arrival in the auditorium below their box. The other scenes catch the fleeting moments on the wing of Time. To any virtues which these scenes may possess may be added that of topicality. They were all recorded during the past week.

Left—CONVERSATION PIECE: Discussion after Dinner

ETTES

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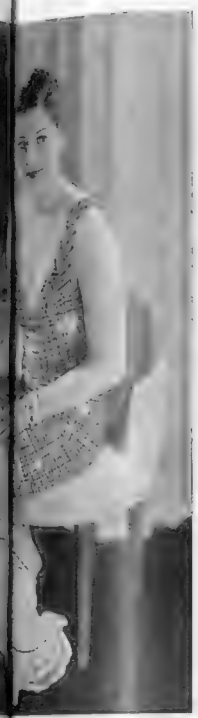
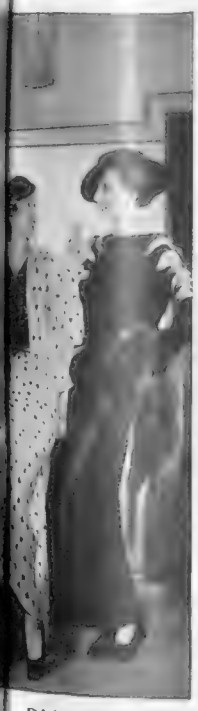


FASHION:
the Foyer



D'APERITIF

BOUDOIR INTIME—THE FINISHING TOUCHES

Feminine readers will welcome the following particulars of some of the dresses worn:

Boudoir Intime.—The figure in front of the mirror is wearing a gown of écru lace, while in the foreground is a superb gown in white crêpe trimmed with gold embroidery.

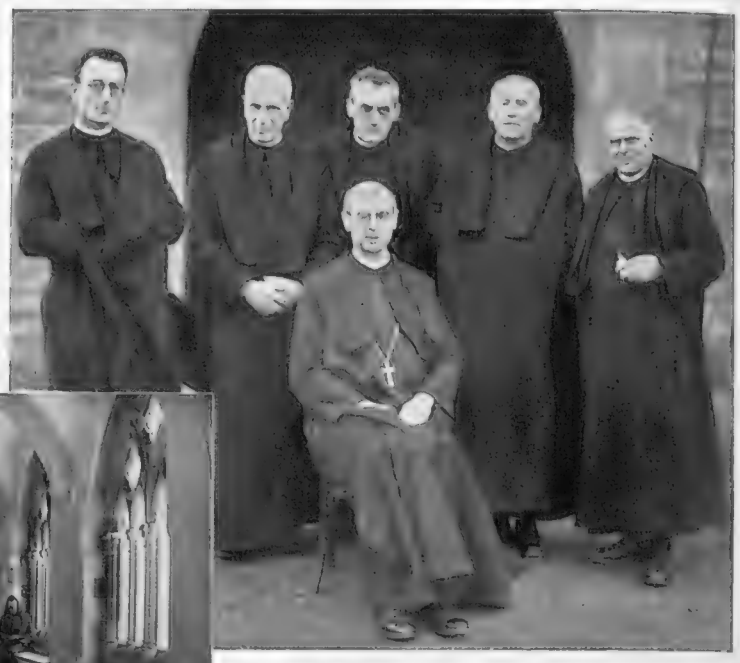
Opera Scene.—Standing figure, "Cattylea." Dress made in reversible heavy satin. A striking creation with sculptural lines. Seated figure in bois de rose lace.

Dinner Scene.—Various gowns of unusual beauty of line and material. Printed figure—tropical nights colourings. Lamé materials suggestive of moonlit waters.

Cocktail-Bar Scene.—Principal dress, black paillette and fringe suit, with a strong Mexican influence. Ciro Pearls and jewels were worn by the participants in these episodes.

Right—COVENT GARDEN: Waiting for the Cars

The LOCH NESS MONSTER seen by a Monk



MIRAGES HAVE OFTEN BEEN OBSERVED by the inhabitants of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus. It is not improbable that this is the solution of the mystery of the Loch Ness Monster. *On left*—a monk and scholars of St. Benedict's

THE MONASTERY BY THE SIDE OF LOCH NESS: It was built on the site of the government fort, and was presented to the Benedictines by Lord Lovat. The school *(on right)* where the monks teach

A POSSIBLE EXPLANATION: Partly owing to its great depth, the waters of Loch Ness never freeze. On its surface the monks of St. Benedict's Abbey have reported that they often see mirages which, in the manner of mirages, may produce a distorted image of a distant object

Loch Ness Subject to Mirages

After a summer season, during which the Loch Ness monster was "seen" and even "encountered" under a variety of conditions, the waters of the loch were stilled during the months of winter. No silvery line in the wake of a projecting head was reported, and the scoffers said to themselves and their friends that the monster was dead.

With the approach of spring they were once more confounded. The monster was again "seen" and "photographed." The same sinuous head emerged to examine the surroundings of the loch—and again the waters were still.

Then in the last days of May, only a matter of a few days ago, the monster was again seen, this time by a monk of Fort Augustus, one Brother Richard Horan, of St. Benedict's Abbey. For over twenty minutes he watched the monster moving leisurely about the surface of the water.

Brother Horan's account of the appearance states that the monster is not the fearsome thing some have declared, but a graceful creature whose head and neck were above the water at an angle of 45 deg.

The head, he states, was beautifully shaped and the under side of the neck was silvery in the middle and black at the edges.

Three other persons also saw the creature. They were Mr. James Fraser, Mr. William Mackintosh, and a well-known local woman golfer. They all described the monster as a black, shiny object.

The fact that the latest observer of the monster is a brother of St. Benedict's Abbey, Fort Augustus, brings to memory a very interesting fact concerning Loch Ness which may have important bearings on the monster's appearance. When a government bathometrical survey was being made of Loch Ness a few years ago, it was ascertained from the inhabitants of the monastery (who reside year in and year out by the loch side) that owing to particular physical characteristics of the loch, mirages were not infrequently observed to be playing over its surface. Steamers and mountains were observed to be reflected in a special manner on the surface of the mirage. The loch is exceptionally deep, and during the winter it is calculated to set free heat equivalent to the consumption of nearly 2½ million tons of coal so that snow never lies long about its shores. The warmed air forms stratas of different temperatures immediately above the surface causing the formation of mirages. Is this the solution of the Loch Ness problem?

THE PAGEANT of RUNNYMEDE

Some Social Lights who are Taking Part in the Great Historic Spectacle at Egham

IN TUDOR TIMES: Miss Peggy Gordon Moore as Margaret, Queen of Scotland, eldest daughter of Henry VII and wife of James IV who was vanquished at Flodden

MRS. GERALD AYLMER as Queen Joanna, wife of King David II, the luckless Scottish king who invaded England in 1346

ANNE BOLEYN: Miss Joy Lyon as Henry VIII's faithless second wife. Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson alternates with her in playing this part

THE COUNTESS OF WORCESTER: Miss Maitland-Makgill-Crichton as she appears in the Tudor Episode

MARY TUDOR, PLAYED BY MISS NORAH LASCELLES: She was the sister of Henry VIII and the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk

PLANTAGENET EPISODE: Miss Veronica Innes as the Queen of Beauty

MISS ELAINE DE CHAIR as the Countess of Shrewsbury. (The Pageant begins to-day, June 9, and will continue until June 16)

ALFRESCO SHAKE

Scenes from "As You Like It" and Night" at the Regent's Park Open-A

THE WRESTLING SCENE

Charles (L and Orlan desperate before the of

THE FAIR ROSALIND

THE ADORER AND THE ADORED: Jack Hawkins as Orsino, Duke of Illyria, and Anna Neagle, of film fame, as Olivia, in a scene from *Twelfth Night*—the second production given this summer at the Open-Air Theatre, Regent's Park

On left—
"YOU SHOULD PUT YOUR LORD INTO A DESPERATE ASSURANCE SHE WILL HAVE NONE OF HIM": Malvolio (John Drinkwater) counsels Viola (Margaretta Scott) to cease plaguing Olivia on behalf of Orsino

ESPEARE

d // Twelfth
-Air Theatre

s (Leonard Gibson Cowan) Orlando (Jack Hawkins) in ete combat on the lawn the Duke's palace in Act I of *As You Like It*

A delightful study of Anna Neagle in *As You Like It*. This was her first Shakespearean role

"HOW DOES HE LOVE ME?"

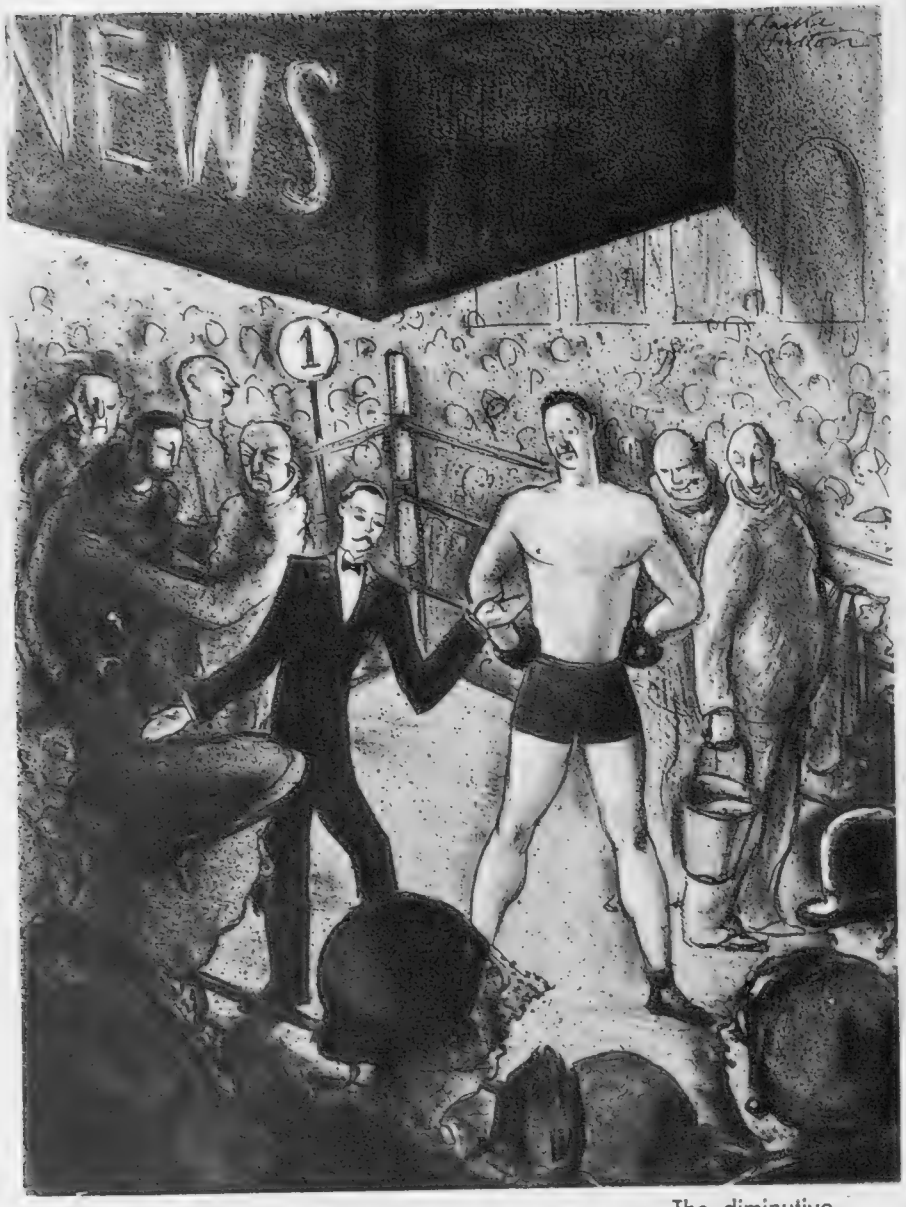
Olivia (Anna Neagle) questions Viola (Margaretta Scott) regarding Orsino's devotion, and receives the answer "With adorations, with fertile tears, with groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire"

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

Amiens (Leslie French), the banished Duke (John Drinkwater), Orlando (Jack Hawkins), Rosalind (Anna Neagle), Celia (Margaretta Scott), and Oliver (Basil Bartlett) receiving the plaudits of the audience at the end of *As You Like It*

LONDON LIFE

Three Lithographs by a New Satirist

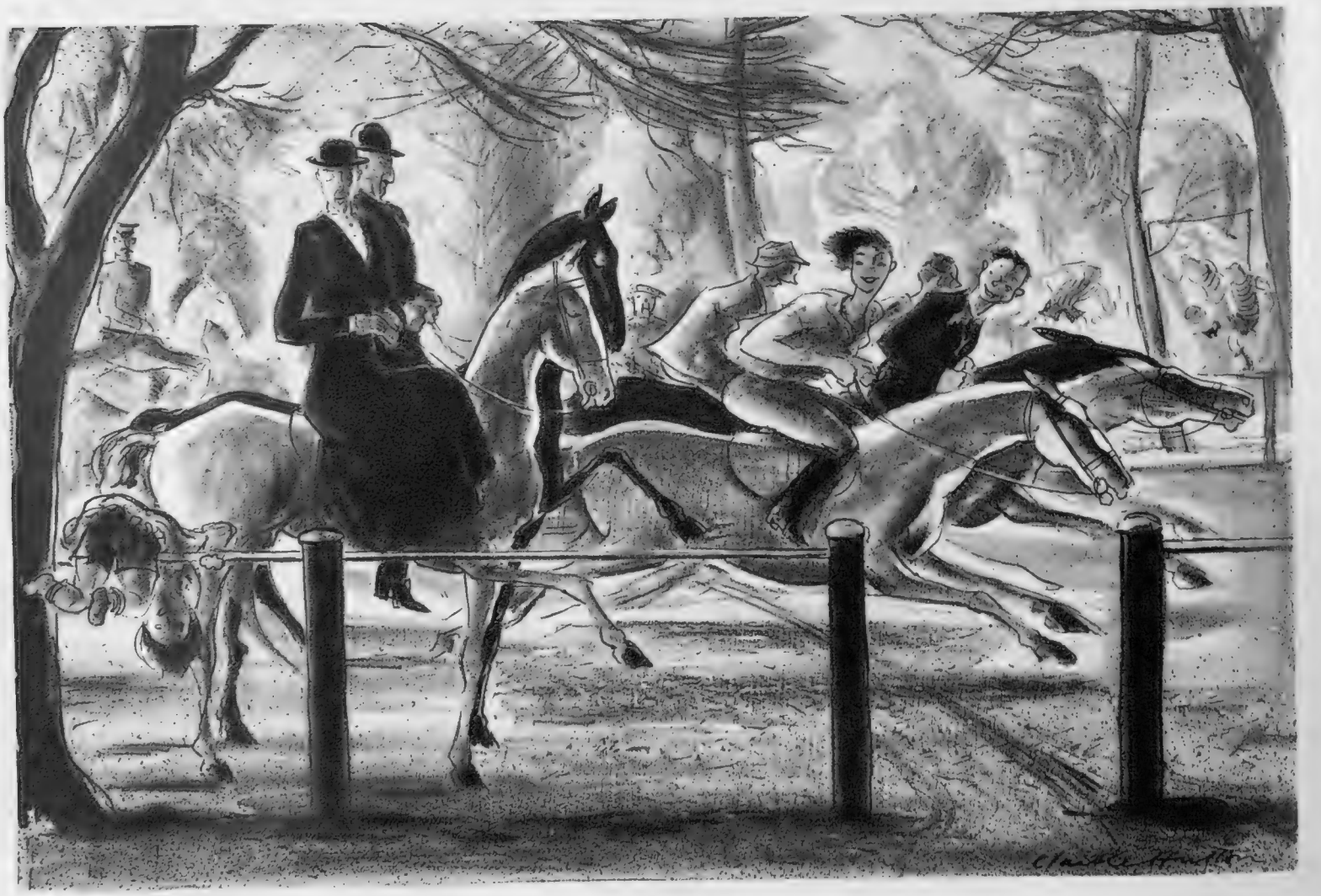


"BRAINS AND BRAWN"

The diminutive controller of giants

"ASPARAGUS IN SOHO"

Taking the line of least resistance



"DIGNITY—

Rotten Row as seen by Clarke Hutton

—AND IMPUDENCE"

THE BATH AND WEST SHOW

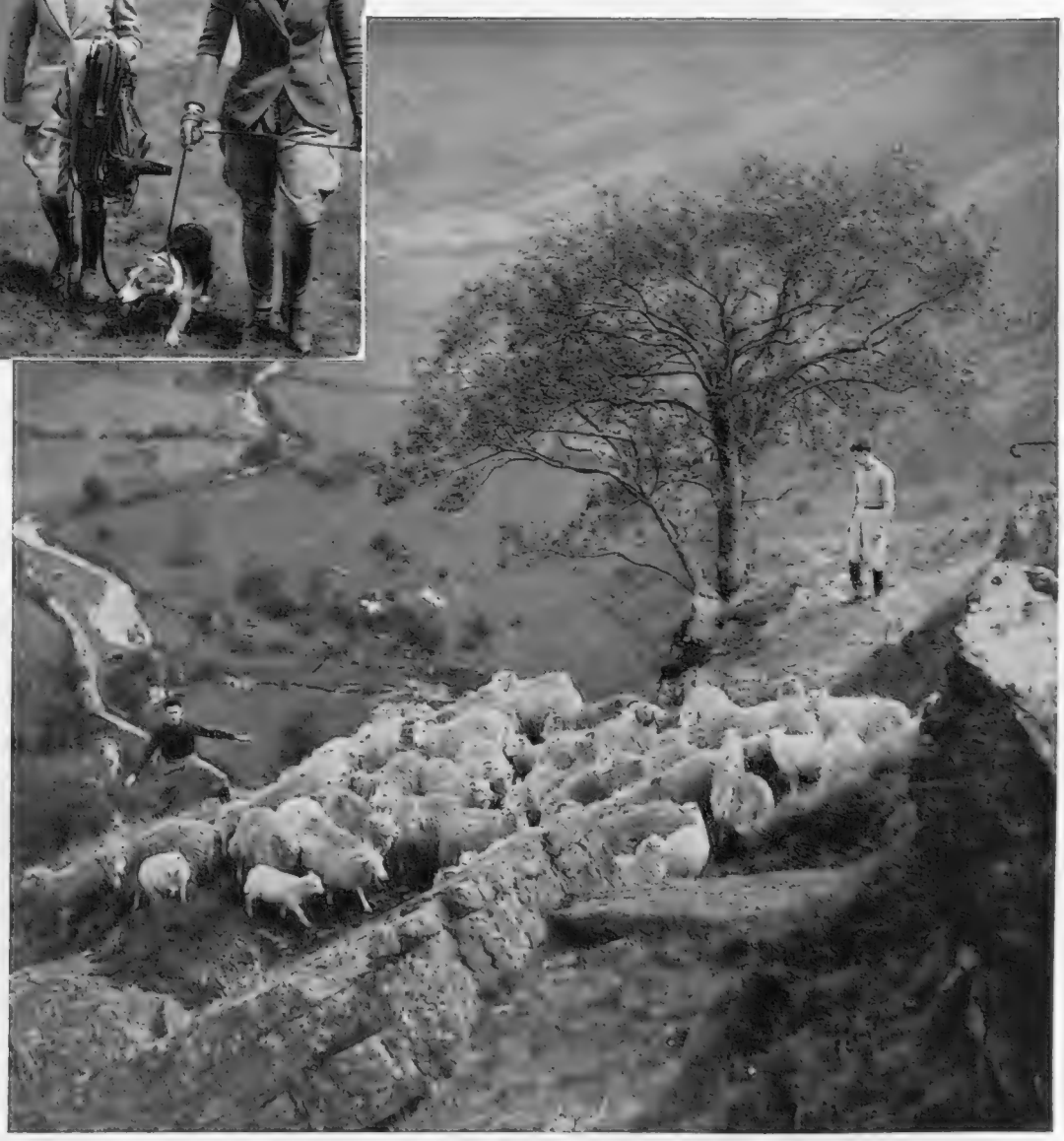
And Other Pictures from the Provinces

MUCH NICKNAMED: Miss J. Paterson of Knoll Brow Kennels, Dorking, with a group of her prize-winning Dalmatians (Dismal Desmonds, carriage dogs, or plum-pudding dogs). The breed appears to be making a rapid return to favour

A NOTABLE WINNER IN THE SHEEP SECTION: Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's Southdown Shearling Ram which won first prize in its class on the opening day at the Bath and West

GETTING READY FOR THE RING: Young riders at the Bath and West on their way to saddle-up

"ALBANY QUEEN": Sir Gomer Berry's Champion Mare—winner of the Shire Horse Society's Silver Medal at the Bath and West Show



THE FIRST ROUND-UP: A scene in North Wales during the great annual round-up of the newly-born lambs which have to be driven into the valleys for marking. The event draws visitors from miles around to watch the wonderful work done by the sheep dogs

A BREEZE in the BRITISH LEGION

The Cause of the Present Difficulties Explained

By CHARLES GRAVES

TO ENQUIRE into the British Legion's affairs might very well be a new synonym for fishing in troubled waters. But what is all this dissension about?

The answer, as far as I can gather after talking to the "rebels" and the others, concerns pensions and the lack of agitation made to secure them for numbers of ex-soldiers who consider themselves entitled thereto.

The British Legion to-day numbers about 342,000 ex-officers and men. Just after the War there were four large organizations—the Ex-Officers' Association, the Comrades of the Great War, the Federation of Ex-Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen, and the National Association of Ex-Service Men. The latter claimed a membership of half-a-million. The Comrades of the Great War and the Federation claimed a million apiece. But of this later. The membership of the Ex-Officers' Association, too, though naturally smaller, was considerable. It was in 1921 that these four organizations were blended into the British Legion. Up to then their chief object in life was to arrange a series of deputations to the House of Commons and demonstrations in Hyde Park and elsewhere. These were so persistent that Lloyd George was compelled to form joint committees of ex-service men and officials of the Labour Ministry and the Ministry of Pensions which met once a month to discuss matters. But as soon as the British Legion was formed under the presidency of the late Lord Haig, demonstrations stopped.

The ostensible general objects of the Legion were to alleviate distress among ex-service men, and to retain the comradeship of the trenches. Very quickly however its chief function became the administration of the funds of Poppy Day. Memory is so short that most people will have forgotten that the first attempt to collect money for ex-service men, both disabled or otherwise, was Warriors' Day, when the London theatres gave special performances in April, 1921. The first Poppy Day was held later that year, the chosen emblem being based on the lines of Colonel Macrea, the Canadian medical officer:

> "If ye break faith with us who died
> Ye shall not sleep though poppies grow
> On Flanders' fields."

That year the proceeds of the sale of poppies in England, Ireland, Wales, and Overseas was a trifle over £106,000. The Scottish contribution amounted to £27,000. Each year the funds increased steadily until 1930, when they reached a total of £524,000, apart from Scotland. In the following two years they dropped, but it is confidently expected that when the final returns for 1933 Armistice Day have come in they will be the highest ever recorded. It is interesting to notice that 2,500 poppies were sold in Italy, but these were mauve in colour as Mussolini forbids the wearing of red in view of its Communistic associations.

PREPARING FOR POPPY DAY: A scene in the British Legion factory at Richmond

WREATHS OF REMEMBRANCE made at the British Legion Poppy Factory at Richmond. In 1930, the proceeds from the sale of poppies amounted to over £500,000

What has been done with this vast sum of money which now totals over £5,500,000? The answer is that St. Dunstan's, the British Legion Village, the Prince of Wales's British Legion Pension Fund (the latter to the tune of £20,000 a year), the Ceylon Disabled Men's Fund, the Incorporated Association of Blind Ex-Service Men, and other bodies receive various moneys. Local committees also receive grants for relieving distress. Other sums are handed over to the Employment Department. There are also the Emigration Grants. Finally come the administration expenses. This seems to be one of the complaints of the "rebels." They consider that the Headquarters Administration should cut its cloth according to its ability to pay the tailor; in other words, to limit its expenses to the £22,000 odd from the 1s. 6d. affiliation fees provided by the members.

Before going further into the matter of pensions, one may point out that since 1930, when the British Legion first seriously tackled the problem of securing employment for its members, jobs have been found for 140,000 men. In addition, 1,000 war orphans, widows, and dependants, all of whom come within the scope of the Legion's employment activities, have been found work.

The present trouble, which culminated in Prince George's decision not to attend the Annual General Conference at Weston-super-Mare the other day, began in April of last year with an article in the *British Legion Journal*. This was a slashing attack on the Ministry of Pensions, claiming that out of the 60,000 cases presented, a very high percentage were won on appeal after being turned down by the Ministry of Pensions. Thereupon, according to the "rebels," the Minister of Pensions went to the Prime Minister to secure his support in getting something done in the matter, and it was pointed out that unless something was done the Legion might lose Royal patronage.

The next step was taken by Colonel John Brown, then chairman of the British Legion, who informed the editor of the journal that all facts must be checked before publication. The following month came the May Conference of the British Legion, at which the Fleet Street branch asked for a committee of enquiry to be set up, and that the rules should be laid down for the guidance of the editor which would give him a free field in publishing letters about pensions without restraint. This resolution, however, was deliberately forestalled, so the rebels claim, by the appointment of a committee which forbade the publication of either articles or letters about pensions. Meantime, too, the editor, who had started a fund for the purpose of enabling delegates of the poorer branches to go to the Conference, was ordered summarily to cancel it by the senior officials. At the same time it became known that a list of rejected resolutions had leaked out, and he was accused of complicity in this also. He was "court-martialed," and after a stormy scene severed his connection with the British Legion.

We now must jump to April of 1934 when the "rebels" hired a hall at Weston-super-Mare for the purpose of discussing the rejected resolutions and of passing a vote of no confidence in the authorities. The hall, however, was more or less stormed by 150 "loyalists" who passed a resolution of confidence instead. No wonder Prince George did not attend the Conference.

I have no space to go into all the minor reasons for the present dissension, but they include the suggestion that at least one senior headquarters official was only eighteen when the War came to an end and consequently had no service overseas. Another bone of contention seems to be ranker officers' pensions. This affects men on pension when War broke out who rejoined the Colours, in many cases reached field rank, but who then, when the War came to an end, found their pensions back on the old basis.

Looking at the whole affair quite impartially, it seems to me after hearing both sides of the case that the British Legion, particularly since 1930, justifies all the support possible because of its employment campaign.

As to the difference in numbers between the membership of the British Legion and that of the four original bodies, there seem to be two answers. The first is that by the law of averages a very large number of men have died in the past twelve years. Furthermore, the British Legion officials state that there is nothing to prove that the figures claimed by the four original bodies bore any relation to actual fact. In any event, their present numbers are growing fast. On the other hand, the attention drawn by the then editor of the *British Legion Journal* to hard luck cases of men without pensions undoubtedly did a great deal of good.

Altogether, there seems to be no need for alarm as the "rebels" are only a handful, and it cannot be expected that so vast a body, which the Prince of Wales has described as "One of our greatest organizations for doing good," should achieve all its objects completely and immediately. Rome was not built even in a fortnight.

THE BRITISH LEGION JOURNAL which, last year, published a slashing attack on the Ministry of Pensions. In his article, Mr. Graves shows how this led up to the present trouble

Right — COLONEL JOHN BROWN, who recently retired from the chairmanship of the British Legion

ACTION on the COURTS

Some Prominent Players of the Moment

MRS. J. B. PITTMAN, on right, covers ground faster than any other woman player bar Mary Heeley: sometimes needs to. Footwork delicious. Best shot—overhead smash. Ground strokes: Forehand, forceful; backhand, safe. Low volleys, good. Used to play a lot with Miss Joan Ridley: went over as "free-lance" with her to U.S.A. a few years ago and did better than British nominated team. Not playing quite so well now

C. E. HARE: Akin to, but not yet as good as "Bunny." White hope of Britain. Leapt into fame by beating Perry (in an exhibition match) and running H. G. N. Lee to 9-7, 11-9 on the same day. Picture shows how he is conquering his weakness of playing his shots too close to his body. Chief strength—ground shots on either wing, passing shots, low-angled volleys. Chief weakness—overhead, both in service and smash. Still a boy, and not yet a world-beater

MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL: Biggest heart-break in the game. Has every shot. Finest equipment and physique of any woman player. Almost invariably disappoints. More erratic than Lili de Alvarez. Best woman volleyer—brings off "impossibles" and muffs the easy ones. Probably the most attractive personality on the courts. Taken to shortest of shorts: can afford to. Was once England's No. 1

CHRISTIAN BOUSSUS: French classicist. No weakness in his game—only in his physique—sometimes. Looks as mournful both when winning and losing, as the whole Japanese Davis Cup team rolled into one. Ground strokes modelled on Lacoste; superb passing shots. Volleying neat but not forceful. Has just beaten Austin in Paris. Once gave Tilden a few nasty moments. Always promising, seldom fulfilling. Ranked as France's second best player

MISS MARY HEELEY: Petite, plump, energetic. No shot of distinction. Gets there just the same. Good all-round game—free-hitting, never say die. Covers miles every match: tireless. Plays her ground-shots with left hand outstretched as counterpoise. Once ranked No. 1 in Britain; no longer. Service—interesting: not unlike B. I. C. Norton (1922) in action—complete double-up of the body before the ball goes over; cause, lack of height. Fair match temperament. Not one of the immortals, but good sound lawn tennis player. Represented Great Britain in last year's Wightman Cup

MISS BETTY BATT: Good player of younger school. Yet to make her mark. Wears tight shorts, sleeveless bodice, wide shoulder-straps, and white belt—all in one piece. Also a tight cap instead of an eye-shade or bandeau. Here seen playing a backhand lob in almost classic style. *Note* feet rather too close together. Attractive personality on the court. *Above in centre*—FRANK PARKER: This year's U.S. miracle. Not yet known in England, but U.S. record impressive. Of humble birth, took up tennis when he found old racket in a dustbin. Hits the ball like a pile-driver. Probable victim of U.S. official tennis policy—play 'em young—so that they never last

(Commentaries by G. H. W. Ramsey)

DRAMA IN A SCOTTISH HOTEL: A scene from C. L. Anthony's new play, *Touch Wood*, which is proving a great attraction at the Haymarket. On the left is Mab Lawrence (Dorothy Hyson), who has persuaded Robin Herriot (Ian Hunter) to come for a bathe with her. Although his wife is in the same hotel, Mab determines to make a conquest

REMORSE: Mab (Dorothy Hyson) having encouraged Robin Herriot to make love to her, confesses all to his *understanding* wife (Marie Ney)

PLAYS and FI

Evergreen Seymour Hicks: "Twelfth Night" in Regent's Park: "The Pursuit of Happiness"—a Slight but Amusing Play at the Vaudeville

By PHILIP PAGE

ONLY THE CONSULTATION of irrefutable reference books could convince anyone that Mr. Seymour Hicks is over sixty; he is young, not only in appearance, but in soul.

But being a supremely honest person he is putting all his cards on the table and some powder in his hair and playing on the stage a man intended to be his own age in real life.

There is no dishonesty in that hair-powder. Very much the reverse. It is there because without it it would be impossible for Mr. Hicks to look anything like as much as sixty. Thus is a small theatrical record established.

Vintage Wine, the piece in which Mr. Hicks has returned to Daly's, has been adapted from the Hungarian by himself and Mr. Ashley Dukes, who for the time being must have consented to cease to be the Man with the Load of English; for nimble though this version is, there is nothing conspicuously literary about it. That is fortunate, for it is a farce, and literary farces are dangerous hybrids. It belongs to the genus pastoral-historical or even pastoral-genealogical, for it is about a youthful, middle-aged man who will not stay in a dull country-house with his duller relatives, and in the programme is printed a family tree.

There is more of the comedy than the tragedy of age here, though the piece is none the worse for touches of seriousness breaking through. Charles Popinot is sixty-two, and his two sons (about forty), his grand-daughters, his tiny great-grand-daughter, and his majestic eighty-three-year-old mother do not know that he has married again—a blonde of twenty-six whom he keeps in luxury in Rome. The family find out about the blonde and the luxury; they resent both, particularly the latter, which they fear is eating up Charles's fortune, and they storm Rome, having taken for granted the non-existence of the marriage-tie.

Charles had lied to his young wife, had told her he was forty-five, and that his sons were dear little boys just off to school instead of bald, bearded, and boring professional men. He was afraid of losing her, and in these passages the play has pathos, handled with much tact. She, on the other hand, had no intention of losing him, not only because he was very rich, but because she was in love with him. There was a three-months-old baby, and . . . well, the curtain fell with a whimsical hint that a fourth act might have been pastoral-historical-obstetrical.

Miss Julia Neilson, superbly matriarchal, rounded it off with consummate art and a great-great-grandchild in her arms. Having bullied everyone through two acts and three-quarters, she melted at the touch of a baby's hand and provided the sentimental with a little sugar plum to suck, after ample provision of champagne that was excellent and by no means sweet.

As a purveyor for nearly all tastes this is a Heinz-like play. But the many varieties blend admirably and fun is there most of the time. It is such good fun, too. Mr. Hicks, incomparably the greatest light comedian of our age, carries it along with his fine genius, never flagging yet never overdoing it. His sudden flashes of sadness, rare but telling, show what a reserve of force is there. Yet *Vintage Wine* is not a one-part play. Miss Neilson is splendid, from her jewels to her gestures, in the type of part which would have been dear to the heart of the late Genevieve Ward. I could have betted on that shapely blonde, Miss Claire Luce, appearing sooner or later in either "undies" or a bathing costume, and I would have been right.

But I would have betted against Miss Luce putting up a first-rate or even a competent performance in a difficult comedy part—and I would have been wrong. Miss Luce's restraint when learning the truth, the passionate strength of her outburst when it did come, and the delicate comedy of her final scene show her to be a clever actress as well as a decorative magnet for musical entertainments.

I could not quite gather the position of Mr. Bromley Davenport in the play, for on the programme he is described as a servant and yet calls his employer "Charlie" and sits down to drink with him; but he is too good an actor not to make a part interesting.

"Twelfth Night."—The alfresco revival of *Twelfth Night* in Regent's Park I found even more enjoyable than its predecessor, and not only because this is a better play than *As You Like It*. If it does not tend to stand or fall by an inexplicable choice of leading actress, Viola is a sufficiently important part for it to matter a very great deal who plays it. Fortunately, there was nothing whatever the matter with the way it was played by Miss Margaretta Scott, who seems to have been able to adorn every Shakespearean part she has touched since I saw her as the Player Queen to Mr. Henry Ainley's Hamlet. Not only this, she has the right poise and pitch of the voice for an open-air performer, which must always be a little different.

Running very close was Miss Iris Hoey's Maria, not too consciously "bright," but merry and charming and wholly Shakespearean. Sir Nigel Playfair was a Sir Toby who showed now and again by a "streak o' quality" that he was Olivia's kinsman, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek was not made too absurdly epicene by that extremely clever actor, Mr. Henry Hewitt, who is one of the outstanding successes of the present season.

"The Pursuit of Happiness."—A slight but amusing little play, *The Pursuit of Happiness* at the Vaudeville Theatre, is likely to alter the opinion that plays about, or of the period of, the American War of Independence rarely appeal to the independent British playgoer. Even Shaw's brilliant *The Devil's Disciple* did not prove an exception. At the Vaudeville, however, we are concerned more with philandering than with politics, and the picturesque costumes are merely incidental.

ANOTHER MARRIAGE TANGLE IN "TOUCH WOOD": Left to right—Fred McCrossan (Frank Pettingell), Vera Beridge (Oriel Ross), and Annie McCrossan (Elliot Mason) are on holiday in the same hotel as the Herriots, and, in like manner, became entangled. A neat third act restores the husbands to their wives

MS of TO-DAY

This is a bed play rather than a bedroom play, and the story is not so prurient as a description of it might lead one to suppose. It is not, in fact, prurient at all, though it deals with a quaint custom known as "bundling"—that is to say, people of opposite sexes bundling in bed together. This, it seems, was done, *mirabile dictu*, in all the puritanism of pre-gangster America and is still practised in the Orkneys. Courting couples shared the same bed in wintry weather in order to save fuel, decorously wrapped up in thick garments to save also the possibility of additional (and premature) expense. In this play for the thick garments is substituted a "centre-board," which can be hauled up or let down after the fashion of those with which small yachts on the Norfolk Broads are equipped.

Strangely enough, this does indeed make a diverting and quite proper entertainment, which even has charm. A farmer's daughter, Prudence, is loved by a handsome soldier and the local sheriff, and she prefers the soldier. The sheriff is in a position to question the morality of the proceedings, and does so with law and public opinion on his side. But he is defeated, and Max and Prudence are united with the maximum of prudence and the minimum of entertainment. The second act is the best of the three.

The piece, written by Americans, is played by the original New York company, and played well. Mr. Tonio Selwert as Max, Mr. John F. Hamilton as a thin-lipped "killjoy," Miss Peggy Conklin, vastly pretty as Prudence, and Miss Dennie Moore are names unknown to London, but they form a refreshing quartet. Refreshing is it, too, to find American players who do not have to shout down telephones, impersonate crooks or policemen, or display the almost unintelligible antics of their native university life.

"King of the Damned."—The Lyceum now shows what in the profession is known as "a bit of the old." I remember a good many years ago Mr. Seymour Hicks rehearsing a melodrama at Drury Lane and explaining to a "superior" modern young actor that he wanted something more full-blooded. "Oh, you mean 'a bit of the old,' Mr. Hicks?" said the youth, rather sneeringly. "Yes," flashed Seymour, "*if you can do it!*"

In *King of the Damned* they can certainly do it. Here is a tale of Devil's Island, or some such place (the Censor insisted on a vague topicality for diplomatic reasons), which proves that that orange was not sucked dry by the *Beau Geste* episodes. Rising superior to misery and sordid oppresson is a manly and unjustly-condemned convict labelled Q 83. Q 83 has plenty of life in him, and, as played by Mr. Gyles Isham, who leads his fellow convicts into a revolt, is a fine figure of a man.

The play does not pretend to be realistic—a photographic play about Devil's Island would be, I fancy, precious dull—but it is exciting, well constructed, and infinitely less crude than nine-tenths of the film-dramas which are taken with immense seriousness and lauded to the skies as masterpieces by those who are not aware that most films are still rather below the standard in which the theatre was in the 'forties.

Mr. Percy Parsons provided comic relief which had a touch of the sinister. Miss Marjorie Mars had the good sense to adapt her comedy subtlety to the wide open spaces of Lyceum melodrama, and to take on a broader style as the beauteous heroine. As Angustura, a half-caste, Miss Iris Darbyshire was excellent. I found that dash of angustura mighty welcome in an evening that had plenty of gin in it.

A THEATRE IN OLD SEVILLE: The huge set now being used at the Elstree Studios where Alexander Korda is making *The Private Life of Don Juan* with a cast of 400 players and twenty principals. Owen Nares, who plays the part of a man masquerading as Don Juan, is seen on the stage

VICTIM OF A COMPLEX: Two scenes from *Sixteen*, the successful play by Aimée and Philip Stuart now running at the Criterion. It is the story of a girl who has a protective obsession for her mother, and is so shocked when the mother marries again that she attempts to commit suicide. *Left*—Owen Nares as the step-father, Antoinette Cellier as the girl, and Fabia Drake as the mother. *Right*—Owen Nares, who plays a difficult part with great skill, and Alexis France

"Happy Week-End."—Miss Louise Browne is a versatile and accomplished young woman in that she can sing, act, look pretty, be a blonde, and dance divinely, both as a ballroom and a ballet dancer. As the only other young woman who exactly answers to that description has now retired from the stage on which, owing to the lack of managerial gumption, she was never given the opportunities which were her due, Miss Browne has the field practically to herself. She has the added advantage of being an American, an advantage because the aforesaid managers—I am speaking of musical shows—will never employ an English actress if by any means they can secure a foreign one.

I last saw Miss Browne in an excusably bad revue. In *Happy Week-end*, a new musical comedy at the Duke of York's, she is much more happily placed, and is as clever as she is charming. This is a bright, haphazard, and amusingly unpretentious affair.

The B

but those of my readers who like full-blooded biography and a hero who is a hero, will read this book with a great deal of enjoyment.

A grand fighter, a trouble maker, unflinchingly honest, a master of sustained invective, a great critic, one of the greatest essayists in the language, a brooder, a man prickly with unpopular opinions, such was William Hazlitt. What a satisfying subject is a life of him, and what a good book Mr. Hesketh Pearson makes of THE FOOL OF LOVE (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.).

William Hazlitt had to take a thrashing from life. He took it standing up like a man, not lying down like a cur; but take it he had to. Those are Augustine Birrell's words, whose admiration for Hazlitt reached a state of "breathless appreciation." Only *Liber Amoris* worried him: he consigned it to "the realm of things unspeakable."

For Hazlitt fell violently in love with his landlady's daughter, Sarah Walker, and set it all down in *Liber Amoris*. "Mine enemy has written a book"—and such a book! None of the procession of Victorian critics who followed him could forgive it; not even Stevenson, and as Mr. Pearson says, it even "bemused George Saintsbury, that it temporarily impaired his critical judgment."

The Fool of Love is an attempt to rationalize this episode within the thought of a more tolerant age. Like his hero, Mr. Pearson likes to hit hard, and with what gusto he belabours the backslidings of Coleridge and Wordsworth, the easy-going acceptances of Lamb, the fence-sitting of Leigh Hunt, the villainies of Lockhart and Wilson (the libellers of Keats and Hazlitt), and who dismisses De Quincey as an egotist, peevish and introspective, who wrote "'purple patch' prose and took opium."

I expect Mr. Pearson to get into as much trouble with the pundits as Hazlitt used to with the critics,

In northern Persia, bordering on the Caspian Sea, lie the practically unmapped regions of Luristan and Mazanderan, and a particularly pleasant little neighbourhood known as "The Valley of the Assassins." For reasons which less determined people might think a little vague, Miss Freya Stark set out to have a look round this country. She went alone, and encountered conditions and passed through perils which the bravest men would have cause to be proud of.

The story of it is set down in THE VALLEYS OF THE ASSASSINS (John Murray. 12s. 6d.).

In the compass of a few words I cannot do justice to this book. In a modest preface the author refers to the inspiration of the *Arabian Nights;* it is not too high praise to say that it is worthy of it; yes, and deserves the same degree of permanence as Doughty.

There is adventure and to spare; there is scholarship, a contemplative philosophy, the spice of humour, not a dull digression, and a book that can be read for the beauty of its descriptive prose alone.

"Impregnable," said the Commander-in-Chief, "except with a railway and two army corps behind me."

"Forbidden," said the grim old Afghan.

"Impossible and forbidden," brooded the Viceroy, "but all the same, inevitable."

It happened; the Khyber Railway was built, and PERMANENT WAY THROUGH THE KHYBER, by Victor Bayley (Jarrolds. 18s.), is the story of how it was done.

Mr. Bayley is an engineer and in a position fully to describe the almost insuperable difficulties of this great feat. But he is also a good writer with an eye to the drama of the fight he and his colleagues had to make foot by foot through the grim Khyber, surrounded by every kind of peril, not the least of which were the warrior tribesmen who only saw the railway as a threat to their independence.

THE LURE OF THE INDUS, by Lieut.-General Sir George MacMunn (Jarrolds. 18s.) is an important book. It is, as the sub-title states, the story of the final acquisition of India by the East India Company, and deals with "five remarkable and hectic wars in India that were crowded into the first ten years of the young Queen's seat on the throne of the United Kingdom, viz., 1839–1849."

Here is history in the making, the restoration of the Mogul empire, of the fight with "entirely irreformable, ruthless, impossible administrations" in a period which has been practically forgotten through the subsequent reverberations of the Indian Mutiny and the Crimea.

Yet in this period British arms played a part as famous and glorious as ever the history of the Peninsular War. Not a few will agree with the author when he says, "when clever young men are planning a new heaven and a new earth for India, and as some say a new hell, some reference to the old hell from which Sind, the Punjab, and Gwalior were rescued is not out of place."

The India of to-day or, at least, only just yesterday, is pleasantly depicted in Miss E. L. Tottenham's HIGHNESSES OF HINDOSTAN (Grayson. 15s.).

The author writes intimately of life at the Court of Baroda where she served for some years as lady-in-waiting. It will be of special interest to those who would follow the march of Western ideas and their influence on *purdah* in this and other Indian States.

Everybody who has ever been to "the pictures" will remember that remarkable series of films of plant and animal life done with brilliant photography, infinite patience, and more than a sense of drama which are as welcome a relief in the ordinary programme as Mickey Mouse.

SECRETS OF NATURE, by Mary Field and Percy Smith (Faber. 12s. 6d.), not only tells the story of how they began, but how they are done (which so many of us have wondered), and how it is that they maintain such a high standard of efficiency and popularity throughout the world.

It is a fine book, illustrated with no less than ninety "stills."

EDITH WHARTON AS SHE WAS IN 1884: An illustration from her autobiography, *A Backward Glance*, which has just been published by the D. Appleton-Century Company

A BACKWARD GLANCE, by Edith Wharton (Appleton. 10s. 6d.), reminds that the author of *Ethan Frome* has been actively writing since the 'nineties. One would expect this distinguished lady's autobiography to be rich in human interest and literary quality, and one is not disappointed. There are some charming pictures of her native New York before its famous "sky-line" was built, and familiarized throughout the world by the cinema, and of London and Paris of the same period. There are also memoirs of men of letters, Meredith, Hardy, and Henry James among them. The latter was a special friend; his influence of course is very much on her work.

THE JUNGALIS: Two interesting types encountered by Freya Stark during her travels in Persia. She describes them, and their strange clothes, in her new book, *The Valleys of the Assassins*

I once read a book called *Dynamite: the History of Class Warfare in America*, which I don't think was ever published over here. Sinclair Lewis recommended it to me. It is a book I shall never forget.

The author, Louis Adamic, has now written another unforgetable book, this time on a more universal theme. Its title is THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.).

Here is a young Slav who, after nineteen years in America, was awarded a travelling Fellowship. Where should he go? He had become an American, married an American girl, travelled the Americas and the Pacific, but never been back to Europe. Home, of course.

"My old country, somehow, is a million miles away—on another planet—and my old country includes my people."

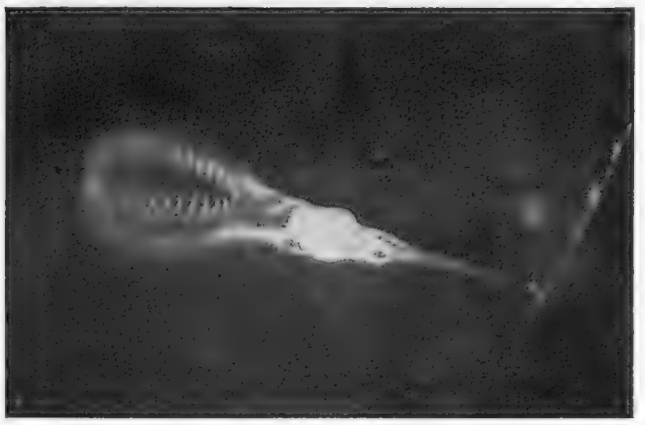
But he went back to Yugoslavia, where there should be four brothers and five sisters.

Imagine this cultured young American with emotional and intellectual roots elsewhere resolving dim memories of his childhood, feeling the stir of blood ties, of sights and sounds of the soil of his birth.

It is an epic theme for a good writer, and there is great writing in it. It is original, fresh, spon-

Book World in June

Current Literature Reviewed



STEPHANOCEROS: An organism so delicate that it could be destroyed by the minute shock resulting from the click of the camera used to photograph it. This illustration appears in *Secrets of Nature*—a notable book by Mary Field and Percy Smith

taneous, full of tender nostalgics in passages of almost poetic beauty; as satisfying as ten novels, as interesting as ten travel books, as good as the best autobiography. A book to read, to recommend, and to keep.

Thomas Mann needs no recommendation from me. The discriminating already know that he is one of the greatest—if not the greatest—man of letters writing to-day.

THE TALES OF JACOB (Secker. 7s. 6d.) is the first of a trilogy called *Joseph and His Brethren*. It is, as the title implies, Thomas Mann's recasting of the Bible story, "in the light," as they say, "of its eternal values."

The translation, by H. T. Lowe-Porter, is a sensitive and beautiful piece of work.

Here, in an innocent pale blue binding, is a particularly good murder story. PANIC PARTY, by Anthony Berkeley (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), is an authentic thriller that turned a pleasant June afternoon into a blood-curdling tropical night for me.

Some books of this type are worked out as logically as a Bradshaw, and with infinitely less charm, but this one is written with a humour which does not detract from the straight-forward telling of the story, and which makes real people of its characters. The epilogue will amuse you.

HENRY JAMES: For many years a close friend of Edith Wharton. In her autobiography she says of his attitude towards the Great War: "I have never seen anyone else who, without a private personal stake in that awful struggle, suffered from it as he did"

EDEN RIVER, by Gerald Bullett (Heinemann. 5s.), is a lovely little book. It is the first, and greatest, story of the world told in poetic allegory by Mr. Bullett who, with gentle firmness, is always reminding us of the Edens which were lost when Man forsook the Age of Innocence.

It is a charming and delicate piece of work; a story to be re-read over and over again, as one reads lasting poetry.

The wrapper, by John Farleigh, is also delightful.

Of the four stories in Louis Bromfield's new book, HERE TO-DAY AND GONE TO-MORROW, there is one which would stand out in any collection. It is about a mild lady of more than middle age who, with Two-Gun Joe for a father and Big Annie for a mother, contrives to run a successful small-town cake shop and act as a kind of aunt to the young people of the place.

During an unexpected twenty-three hours' visit to New York, however, a swift sequence of poker-playing, night clubs, and wild parties, proves that the spirit of her parents is anything but dormant in her. Our Miss Mehaffy nonchalantly despatches a murderous gunman by hitting him over the head with a champagne bottle, and returns with Baby, her unbaby-like niece, to Winnebago Falls, where "a feeling of comfortable warmth swept through her at the sight of the familiar rolling-pin."

Mr. Louis Bromfield is good value for anybody's money in this collection.

Miss Marjorie Bowen is at her very best again in THE TRIUMPHANT BEAST (John Lane. 7s. 6d.). And do I have to say again that Miss Bowen's best is very, very good?

This time she writes the story of Giordano Bruno (to whom readers of Spinoza will need no introduction) who perished in a heretic's fire on the Campo Fiorito.

"As they laid their hands upon him, Bruno turned to his judges and said, high and clear in the silence: 'I appeal from your verdict to that of posterity.'

"At these words the Pope looked up sharply; his face was haggard, and his eyes startled as if he had been the one who had been condemned."

Miss Bowen is a great story teller, and certainly one of the best historical novelists of our time.

WEEP FOR LYCIDAS, by Michael Harrison (Arthur Barker. 8s.6d.), is obviously the work of a very young man (or woman: one can never tell in these sex-determinate days). It has the merit of good, natural dialogue, and of writing that would be quite remarkable if the subject matter were worth reading.

I suppose all these people are reckoned to be fearfully "modern"—certainly they have few manners and fewer morals—and that "Mayfair" is supposed to be a terribly, terribly real place, but I cannot, with the publisher, find a "profound understanding of human relationships." And why drag in Wilde and Michael Arlen?

CUTTING UP THE TUNA: Tunny-fishing off the British coasts is such a modern sport that it may come as a surprise to some readers to learn that the tunny was caught and cooked by the ancient Greeks. This drawing, which appears in L. Mitchell-Henry's new book on tunny-fishing, is taken from a design on an old vase

On the other hand, Mr. John Hampson, author of STRIP JACK NAKED (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) creates characters as real as life itself. His story is of the conflict between two brothers, between a superiority and an inferiority complex. The elder, a hard, domineering, self-sufficient type; the younger shy, shrinking, introspective, and timid. Then, when the elder brother gets killed, it is as if the other gets a new lease of life; he gains confidence, and conquers his complex. It is a powerful, and at the same time subtle, story in which the background of the family, and life in an industrial town, are as real and convincing as the characterization.

TOWARD THE FLAME, by Hervey Allen (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), is a book of War memoirs no better and no worse than those of any practised writer who served in the line. They probably appear now because the author's *Anthony Adverse* has been phenomenally successful.

BREAKFAST IN BED, by Sylvia Thompson (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), begins at six o'clock in the morning with the kitchenmaid getting up and making tea for the other servants. Then they get up. Then they call Sir Frederick and Lady Nicholson; her ladyship has breakfast in bed.

Two streets off Lily Cashmore, her husband and three children wake up in the one room they have been sleeping in.

Down in Chelsea, Clare Nicholson "woke holding her lover's hand against her lips."

Miss Thompson's novel tells the story of a day in the lives of all these people. It is credible, cleverly contrasted, well constructed and pleasantly written.

Vernon Fane

On page 416 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

Summer in the Dolomites

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E.

IMAGINE AN ALPINE region of little mountain lakes of the clearest blue, with stretches of upland meadow of vivid green; of wide valleys, spangled with pleasant villages and peaceful farms, and flanked with dark forest-clad heights, the whole ringed round with mountains of the most fantastic form. This is the far-famed region of the Dolomites, a wonderland of beauty, where the scenery is so varied in form and so rich in tint that it never tires the eye, but is always offering something new.

The land of the Dolomites lies between that section of the Brenner railway which runs from Bressanone to Trent, and the road over the Monte Croce Pass from Candido in the Val Sesta, along the Piave Valley to Belluno and Feltre. It gains its name from the mineralogical form of its mountains, which consists of calcium and magnesium carbonate, and which is known as magnesian limestone or dolomite. It is an ideal district in which to spend a summer holiday, for the air is cool and bracing apart from the very sheltered valleys. There are three centres in which you can stay—Bolzano, Cortina d'Ampezzo, and Merano—where you will find excellent hotels, charging moderate prices, good facilities for sport, including golf at Merano, and tourist organizations able and very willing to plan excursions for you to any part of the Dolomites. Moreover, if you enter Italy bound for the Dolomites by any of the north-western frontier stations—Modane, Ventimiglia, Chiasso, or Domodossola—intending to stay in the region for at least ten days, you have the right to a reduction of 50 per cent. on your railway ticket.

NATURE'S FORTRESS: A striking rock-mass in the Ampezzo region of the Dolomites

MONTE POMAGAGNON: The great mountain which dominates the Tre Croci Pass

IN THE HEART OF THE DOLOMITES: The little town of Cortina d'Ampezzo

ONE excellent method of seeing the Dolomites is to travel first to Bolzano, the provincial capital of Tridentine Venetia, some 800 ft. up on the Brenner railway, on the line from Innsbruck to Verona, and stay there a few days. You will find plenty to see, for Bolzano is a fine old town, with a history which goes back to the seventh and eighth centuries when it was held by Counts of Bavaria, and it was here that Walther von der Vogelweide, the famous Minnesänger, was born. There is a very interesting fourteenth–fifteenth-century Gothic cathedral and a Franciscan monastery, and beyond the bridge over the Talfera a charmingly laid-out suburb, Gries, with pleasant villas and gardens, whilst all about Bolzano are pretty walks. Various forms of mountain railways enable excursions to be made to neighbouring heights, the Virgolo, Colle, the Renon, Collalbo, and Guncina, giving extensive views of the Upper Adige and the Dolomites.

Then from Bolzano you would do well to travel by road through the most romantic district of the Dolomites. It runs through the imposing gorge of Val d'Ega, skirts the lovely little lake of Carezza, ever-changing in colour, and near which tower the great peaks of Latemar and Catinaccio, crosses the Costalunga Pass, at a height of 5,308 ft., and enters the Val di Fassa, where you gain a wonderful panoramic view of Cimon della Pala, Sassolingo, Sella, and Marmolada, the "Queen of the Dolomites," and farther along, rising above a dark wooded valley, are the magnificent peaks of the Cinque Ditta. At the Pordoi Pass you sight the Alps of Badia, Livinallongo, and Ampezzo, with their many fantastic pinnacles of dolomite; next comes a descent into the valley, and then the peaks of the Civetta, of irregular outline and touching nearly 10,000 ft., dominate the view, whilst in the depths far below nestles the tiny lake of Alleghe. Skirting Col di Lana, the Falzarego Pass is reached. On the right rise the heights of Cinque Torri, and ahead, amidst a wealth of forest in all directions, peaks of dolomite of varied form and colouring delight the eye, while beyond, well-nigh surrounded by lofty mountains, Cortina d'Ampezzo comes into view.

Cortina is an ideal centre for seeing more, and some of the best, of the scenery of the Dolomites. It is situated nearly 4,000 ft. above the level of the sea, at the junction of four important roads, in the beautiful mountain valley of Ampezzo, and whilst much is to be seen in the course of easy walks in the neighbourhood, excursions can be made by road to several splendid viewpoints—Monte Cristallo, Pomagagnon, Sella, and Sorapis. If you take the road which runs north-east, over the Passo di Tre Croci—the Pass of the Three Crosses—this leads you within sight of the three peaks of Lavaredo to the beautiful little lake of Misurina, one of the most charming spots in the whole region of the Dolomites.

AND then there is Merano, to the north-west of Bolzano, and somewhat far from the Dolomites, but in these days of powerful touring-cars, within easy motoring distance. Also, with very beautiful scenery of its own, among the Brenta and the Ortler mountains, the Ulten Valley, and the Masul Gorge; and most attractive walks: the Tappeiner Promenade, winding upwards from the River Passiria to the village of Tirol, where stands the famous castle of Tirol, once the residence of the lady known to fame as the Ugly Duchess, and to the village and castle of Scena, the latter with relics of the patriot Andreas Hofer.

Within an easy motor drive of Merano are the castles of Leone, Goiana, Fontana, Planta, Rametz, Erlach, Rubein, Winkel, Knillenberg, Reichenbach, and Trautmannsdorff, and you can go by aerial railway up to San Vigilio, or to Avelengo, and obtain a lovely mountain view. In Merano itself there is a fine old Gothic church to be seen, with a famous altar, an ancient feudal castle built in the middle of the fifteenth century by the Archduke Sigismund, the parish church of St. Nicholas, with frescoes and pictures, the Bozner Gate, and the Arcades, with their interesting old interiors, and the frescoes, and the courtyard in the Instituto di Risparmio e Prestito.

SNOWCLAD SUMMITS MIRRORED IN A LAKE: A beautiful scene by the shores of the Lago di Misurina

AT the SERVICE of our READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

WHEN FRIENDS MEET

"Now then, I'll tell you a good one"
— one well worth repeating, like

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Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

A NIGHT IN JUNE

A "Sphere" Photographer in Mayfair and Theatreland

Above and inset—AT THE DORCHESTER: The cool night air lures many from the gaily-lit ballroom, and Park Lane provides a setting for a pageant of fashion

A CINEMA IN MAYFAIR: The entrance to the Curzon Cinema becomes a riot of colour as the dresses of its fashionable patrons are bathed in golden light

INTERVAL AT COVENT GARDEN: *Above on left*—A scene in the crowded lower vestibule. *Above*—In the reconstructed lounge where a new bar and other amenities have been added this season. Covent Garden has always been famed for its general air of comfort and restfulness

THE GRACE OF GOSSAMER: Rehearsing for Covent Garden's forthcoming ballet season

AFTER THE THEATRE: Many people prefer to walk to the cabaret show and supper, thus adding to the animation of London streets during the Season

PARTIES

The summer cocktail party that is really successful often goes on and on until finally one drives out for supper, probably to a country club, where the air is cool and scented and the moon shines down on the trees.

Obviously the dress one wears on such an occasion deserves to be chosen with loving care, and here, on the right, is a suggestion that merits approval.

Designed by Lucile Paray, it is a most versatile ensemble. The dress is made of heavy black satin, closely moulded to the figure until it flares outwards in a dramatic manner from the knees. It is tucked across the front of the corsage, and has flowers on the bosom.

The fascinating jumper is made of white lace and slightly-stiffened chiffon, with a moderate V at the back and a bow at the waist.

Harrods of Knightsbridge can copy this model for twelve guineas.

What to wear for Ascot, or for any garden party, is a point that is always rather disturbing, since one's best-laid plans may be upset at the last moment by the weather.

Taffeta is going to solve many a problem this year, for it is being used for loose coolie coats and capes, worn over printed frocks, and for neatly tailored jackets accompanied by slender ankle length skirts and much-ruffled chiffon blouses.

On the left is a charmingly simple dress in white ninon patterned with blue spots in varying sizes. It has a high waistline and a moderate V neck which could always be cut down afterwards if one wanted to wear it on summer evenings.

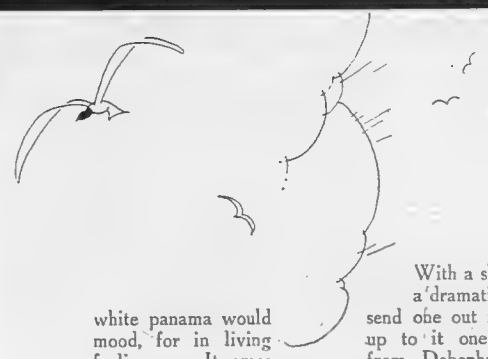
The cape is of quilted taffeta with a shaped yoke which prevents it from slipping, and a standing tuck around the shoulders. It costs eight guineas at Swan & Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, and the price of the stitched taffeta hat in navy and white is three and a half guineas. This has the new square brim.

All the Fun of the Summer Season

A dress that would be equally happy at the most formal or informal luncheon party is seen below, for it has that air of quiet perfection that makes it seem right against any background

Made in lightweight navy wool, the sleeves and skirt are latticed with black satin and the straight neck-line is carried up from beneath the arms like a bib, leaving a slit along the front of the arm-hole. Only one half of the skirt is shown in our photograph, but the other matches it so that a central panel is formed

It has a debonair little cape and can be copied in the Coat and Ensemble Department at Marshall & Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.



With a shallow crown and a dramatic brim this hat in white panama would send one out in an adventurous mood, for in living up to it one could not help feeling gay. It comes from Debenham & Freebody of Wigmore Street, W., and has a shaped bandeau and a large bow of gros grain ribbon

For a week-end visit to the sea or for spectator sports wear this suit in very heavy blue and white crêpe would be ideal. The neatly tailored jacket is fitted to the waist, the jumper is of navy crêpe-de chine, the skirt has three inverted pleats, and the belt is of thonged leather with metal rings. It comes from Woolland Bros. of Knightsbridge

Revising the Ordnance Survey by Aerial Photography

The Accuracy of Present-day Methods

No one who has walked, motored, or flown about Great Britain using ordnance maps can have failed to notice that many of the new housing schemes and by-pass roads are not shown on them. Many areas now built over are shown as open country on these maps, and this particularly applies to the outskirts of London.

A new survey would be costly, and the rapid development of building and road construction would make it out of date before it could be published.

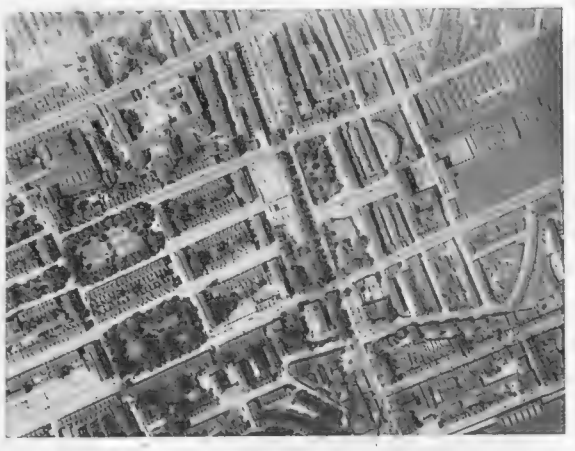
Matters have been brought to a head by the provisions of the Town Planning Act under which up-to-date plans have to be submitted to the Ministry of Health by municipalities in connection with their town planning schemes. In many instances the time limit set by the Act for the submission of these plans leaves less than two years for their completion. To bring the existing survey up to date in the time available is quite beyond the capacity of the Ordnance Survey.

AERIAL MAPPING: A diagram showing the method by which an area is mapped by means of aerial photographs. In order to obtain the true scale, the area is divided into sections over which the machine flies while the operator takes picture after picture. These are subsequently overlapped as only the portion directly below the camera is utilized

Air survey provides the quickest and cheapest means of making the revision, and such is now the accuracy of the air method of surveying that the Director-General of the Ordnance Survey has given his approval for its use. It is not the intention that air survey should replace the existing Ordnance Survey maps, but that it should merely amplify them and bring them up to date.

It is proposed that the whole area to be photographed shall be completed and the prints delivered within two years on the assumption that there will be a minimum of thirty days in each year suitable for vertical survey photography. This means that in thirty days of photography it should be possible to deal with 8,000,000 acres, which is remarkably quick work. The layman may think that there will be many more than thirty fine days in an average year, but days suitable for vertical photography from the height necessary for the survey may not in fact number many more than this, for very perfect conditions are required.

The modern survey camera uses film, and carries enough for 200 exposures, and additional films can be inserted while in the air. Its mechanism is driven by an



LONDON MOSAIC: An aerial view taken in the neighbourhood of St. Pancras

electric motor, and the interval at which the exposures are taken can be set on the camera so that any desired overlap of the photographs can be obtained. This interval, of course, depends on the speed at which the machine passes over the ground, its height, and the area covered by the camera lens. The camera automatically records certain necessary information on the edge of each photograph including its number, height, what time exposure was made, and the fore and aft and lateral level of the camera.

A map or mosaic of an area consists of a series of strips of photographs which must overlap longitudinally. Each strip must in turn overlap the adjacent strip. A gap in the mosaic may mean that the area must be re-

A MODERN SURVEY CAMERA: It is driven by an electric motor and carries enough film for 200 exposures

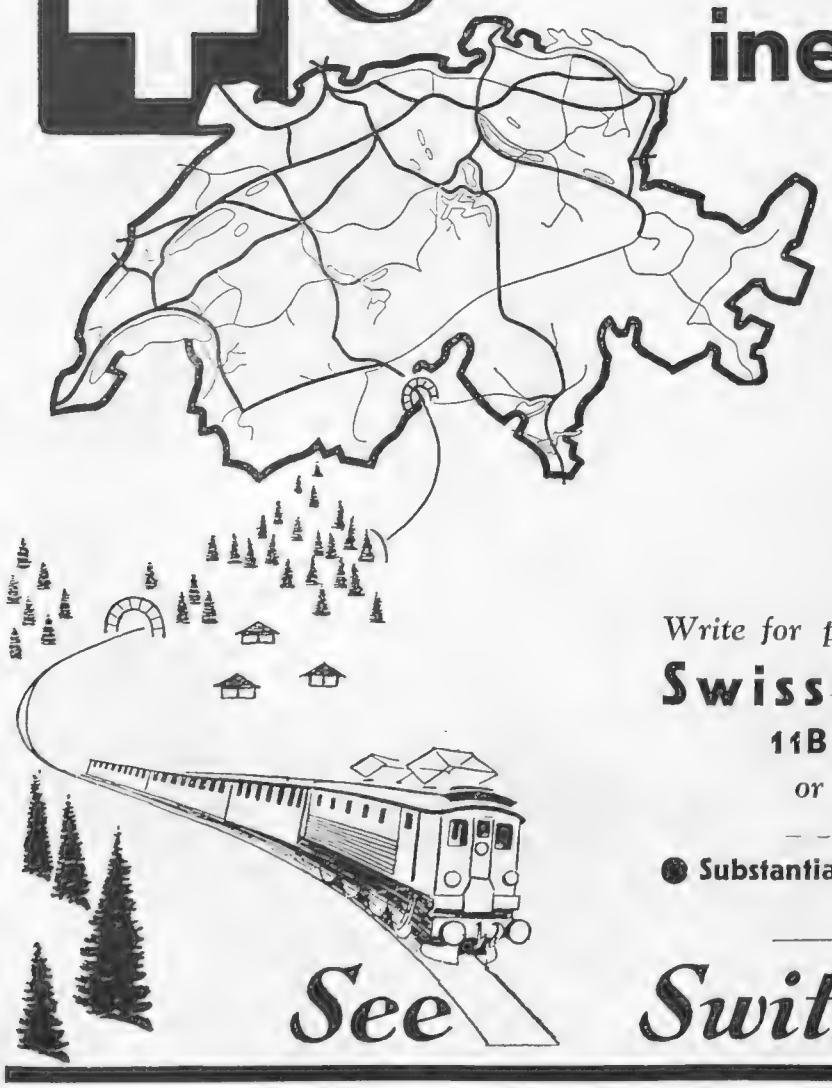
photographed which, of course, adds greatly to the expense. Success depends on careful navigation and correct piloting. The pilot must keep his course correctly and must fly at constant height with the machine accurately trimmed. Various means are used to assist the pilot to keep his course, the latest of these being directional wireless.

The development of air survey has been scientifically tackled since the War, so that it has now reached a very high degree of accuracy. It has been used with great success in Africa, South America, and Iraq. The type of country surveyed has ranged from dense jungle, which without vast expense would have been impossible to survey by ground means, to the city and district of Rio de Janeiro. It has shown that the human errors which must always occur in ground surveys can be greatly reduced, and that detail can be shown which cannot be included on even the largest scale map made by ordinary means.

The Town Planning Survey of England now mooted is the first proposal for the use of air survey in England on a large scale, and the approval of the Director General of the Ordnance Survey is a guarantee of its accuracy.

C. D. Palmer.

The accompanying pictures have been supplied by Aerofilms, Ltd., who are at present holding an exhibition of Aerial Photography at Irving Hall, Bush House.



Switzerland for inexpensive holidays

PRICES in Switzerland have been lowered all round to meet present day needs and means. The cost of a Swiss holiday need not be any higher than it was with the exchange at par. Not only are the Hotel rates most moderate, but from the **15th June** until the **15th October,** the Swiss Railways and the Swiss Post Office (Motor Coach Services) will grant a further

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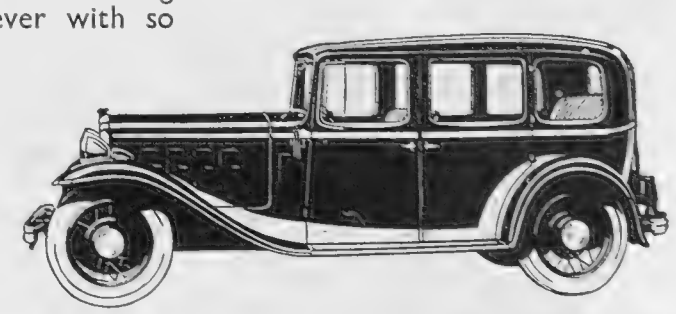
The Sixteen Berkeley De Luxe Saloon (*as illustrated below*). A luxurious and roomy five-seater. Adjustable seats in rear as well as in front. Four-speed gear-box with Synchromesh gears. Choice of 16 or 18 h.p. engines without extra charge. Triplex glass. Dunlop tyres. Price at works £318. The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.
Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

And Rosemary had plenty to say . . . in fact like a saleswoman to the manner born! What other car, she had pointed out, had such a reputation for *dependability*—the one thing that every motorist demanded above all? Had she tried the new Austin gear-change—the Synchromesh—how easy it made things? If running expenses were a consideration, she had added, Austin certainly scored heavily. And what an improvement in appearance and design the latest Austins showed. 50 models to choose from! The low lines, achieved by the cross-braced drop frames (really technical she got) which did so much to banish body-rattle. The latest type springing, the larger, more efficient brakes, the rear seats adjustable as well as the front. Why, she finished up, good as the Austin had always been as a motoring investment, it was even better than ever with so many improvements.

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN



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"The Sphere's" Foreign Postbag

A Letter from Siam

A reader, who knows Siam and who criticizes several facts in an article on that country which appeared in our issue of March 24, says: "The author starts with one telling point, the widely believed prophecy that the Chakri dynasty would end in its 151st year, but he forgets to add that it involved the loss of Siam's independence. The Siamese are sensible enough to see that the fall of their throne would have the same effect upon Siam as the fall of our throne would have upon the British Empire, so they are attached to their King for at least one very good reason.

MALAYAN MILITARY POLICE AT RIFLE DRILL: Those who know the "laisser faire" attitude of the Malay marvel at the smartness and efficiency of these police. This picture comes from a "Sphere" reader at Kuala Pertang

"The real causes of the Siamese Revolution were three. Firstly, the slump which hit Siam last of all Oriental countries and very severely. Secondly, and largely arising from the first cause, the number of unemployed 'educated' young men was greatly increased, in part by retrenchment but more by graduates and returned students from Britain, France, and America. They were full of philanthropic fervour as well as passionately desirous of lucrative jobs, and these they saw were largely in the hands of the upper classes to which they (the students) and many army officers did not belong. So they had little difficulty in forming a 'Bolshevik party.' The third cause, agreed upon by competent observers, was the revolution in Spain which simply filled the vernacular Press for weeks. It gave the note, so to speak, for the Siamese to begin their song and dance.

"The most salient point about the Siamese revolution is that it was a Bangkok revolution. The discontented persons laid their plans secretly to take over the capital and they succeeded. The rest of the country knew nothing, wanted no change—but in the event could do nothing. The capital was held, and a constitution of sorts was signed. The country was embarked on 'democracy' which means less than nothing in Siam.

"They had exchanged for their old masters a set of schoolboys centred round a young man credited with having half-a-dozen schemes for 'planning' Siam into a state of bureaucratized disintegration. The innate conservatism of the Siamese has so far prevented anything very bad happening."

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS: Natives guiding logs, which later will be made into railway sleepers, down the Chenab Valley River, Kashmir. The men possess a wonderful sense of balance

THE DESERT ENCROACHES: A scene during a recent sandstorm over Khartum. It lasted twenty minutes, during which time showers of fine sand deluged the city and drove the inhabitants to seek shelter in their homes

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

2/6

Dr. Barnardo's Homes are making their **Annual Appeal for 400,000 Half-Crowns** for the Children's Food. 8,500 boys and girls and babies are being supported—the Largest Family in the World. It equals a Town. Think of supporting a Town! PLEASE SEND THEM HALF-A-CROWN FOR THE CHILDREN'S BREAD AND BUTTER.

2/6

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On the Beach, central. 200 rooms with baths.

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Bronco is a quality product for fastidious people, yet it is actually more economical than many so-called "cheap" rolls. Bronco contains approximately 800 sheets to the roll, whereas in many toilet rolls there are fewer than half that number.

Try Bronco—it will add a new comfort to life.

You can get Bronco from nearly all stores, stationers, grocers, chemists, etc.

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INDIAN CARPETS

IN CHOICE AND EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS AND COLOURINGS

THESE Carpets are woven specially for Hamptons, and have an unusually long and closely-woven fine quality pile. The illustration herewith is typical of a large number of entirely new and exclusive designs. The stocks are very extensive, but the following afford a few examples of sizes and prices:

ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.
8	3	×	5	3	-	4	13	0
9	1	×	8	11	-	8	15	6
9	2	×	7	2	-	7	1	6
9	4	×	6	3	-	6	5	6
10	0	×	9	5	-	10	2	0
10	2	×	8	4	-	9	2	0
10	7	×	9	1	-	10	6	0
10	9	×	9	5	-	10	17	0
11	2	×	8	5	-	10	1	6
11	10	×	9	0	-	11	8	6
12	0	×	10	2	-	13	1	6
12	2	×	9	3	-	12	1	6
12	5	×	9	7	-	12	14	6
12	9	×	10	9	-	14	13	6
13	3	×	10	3	-	14	11	0
14	2	×	11	1	-	16	16	0
15	4	×	12	4	-	20	4	6
16	2	×	11	4	-	19	12	0
18	2	×	11	2	-	21	15	0
18	2	×	12	4	-	23	19	6

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ft.	in.		ft.	in.		£	s.	d.
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9	0	×	9	0	-	6	10	6
10	6	×	7	6	-	6	7	0
10	6	×	9	0	-	7	12	3
12	0	×	9	0	-	8	14	0
12	0	×	10	6	-	10	3	0
13	6	×	10	6	-	11	8	6

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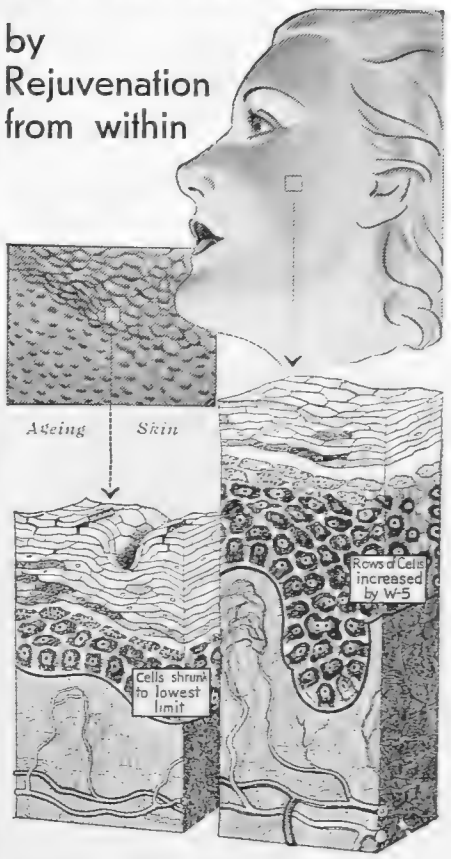

Left section shows ageing Skin:—surface wrinkled, dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissues, cells shrunk to three rows

Skin after treatment with W-5:—surface smooth and firm, rich active tissues, increased rows of growing cells, improved nutrition, therefore skin fresh again, clear and youthful

IN YOUTH the skin is smooth and fresh because there is a ceaseless renewal of worn and tired skin cells—the superficial layers of the skin cells are constantly replaced by Nature at the same rate as they are lost through wear and tear on the surface

AGE as well as illness and worry may hinder the normal replacement of cells. When this natural process of repair ceases the skin becomes wrinkled, dry and discoloured and the appearance of "old age" is produced. These changes come from within and little can be done to remedy this by external application. As a broken finger-nail must grow from its root—from within—to regain its former shape, so the skin, to regain and retain its youthful beauty, must be rebuilt from within—from its deeper layers

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The Costers' Fair

One of the most novel and entertaining of this season's charity events will be the Costers' Fair, to be held in aid of the Y.W.C.A. in Kensington Palace field, on Thursday, July 12. Lord Lonsdale, the president, is taking a great interest in the Fair, and an energetic organizing committee, under the chairmanship of Lady Walston, has been busy for some weeks past planning the arrangements. The Fair will not be merely an entertainment in coster style, but a genuine coster show, and costers from all over London will be there with their wives and children and their donkeys and barrows. They will give coster dances and some of the delightful traditional coster songs and cries, such as "Three Pots a Shilling," "Are we to Part like This," "The Coster's Sister," and "Down the Road went Polly." In the case of some of these songs the music does not even exist in written form, so they will be especially interesting.

Country produce and flowers, always so much in demand at London bazaars, will be sold from barrows at a coster market, and there will be a donkey and pony show and a coster parade. Other attractions will include a display of country and maypole dancing, a selection of old London songs and cries given by Mrs. Hilliard, an old-fashioned Punch and Judy show, and a number of other unusual and entertaining side-shows.

Derby Day Sketches

Mr. A. E. Cooper's large panel picture of the Derby, as seen from the Hill, has attracted much attention. It is built on carefully composed longitudinal lines which add to its decorative character. It is a crowded scene, from the people's side of the course, and from a somewhat elevated point of view. This last-named fact, of course, precludes any comparison with Frith's famous composition. For several years past Mr. Cooper has been making sketches for this picture, and these are now on exhibition at the Leger Galleries, Old Bond Street. They are in gouache, a method of water-colour painting in which the colours are opaque, and the water used is mixed with honey or gum or both. They give convincing evidence of the breadth and strength in the handling of colour which Mr. Cooper's recent work reveals.

A NEW LINK WITH HOME: The Imperial Airways air-liner *Aurora* flying through typical monsoon weather near Kuala Lumpur, capital of the Federated Malay States. She was one of the first 'planes to collect mail there

FOR PUBLIC SERVICES: Mr. Herbert Brent Grotrian, K.C., J.P., upon whom a baronetcy was conferred in this week's Honours List

A Curious Fungus

A few weeks ago there was illustrated in THE SPHERE a curious and unpleasant form of fungus known as Fungus Dictyophors, which grew rapidly, and at one stage emitted a foul odour. A reader of THE SPHERE has written to say that he has met with practically the same fungus in his own garden. On inquiry at Kew we learnt that there is, at present, no known method for getting rid of this troublesome growth. The rooting strands of this fungus are very strong, we are informed, and any chemical treatment which would kill the growth would injure the adjacent soil. At present the only means of dealing with these foul-smelling pests is the simple but rather tiresome one of going round the garden in the morning and digging them up.

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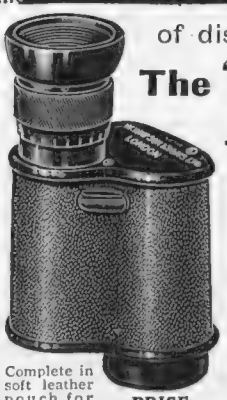

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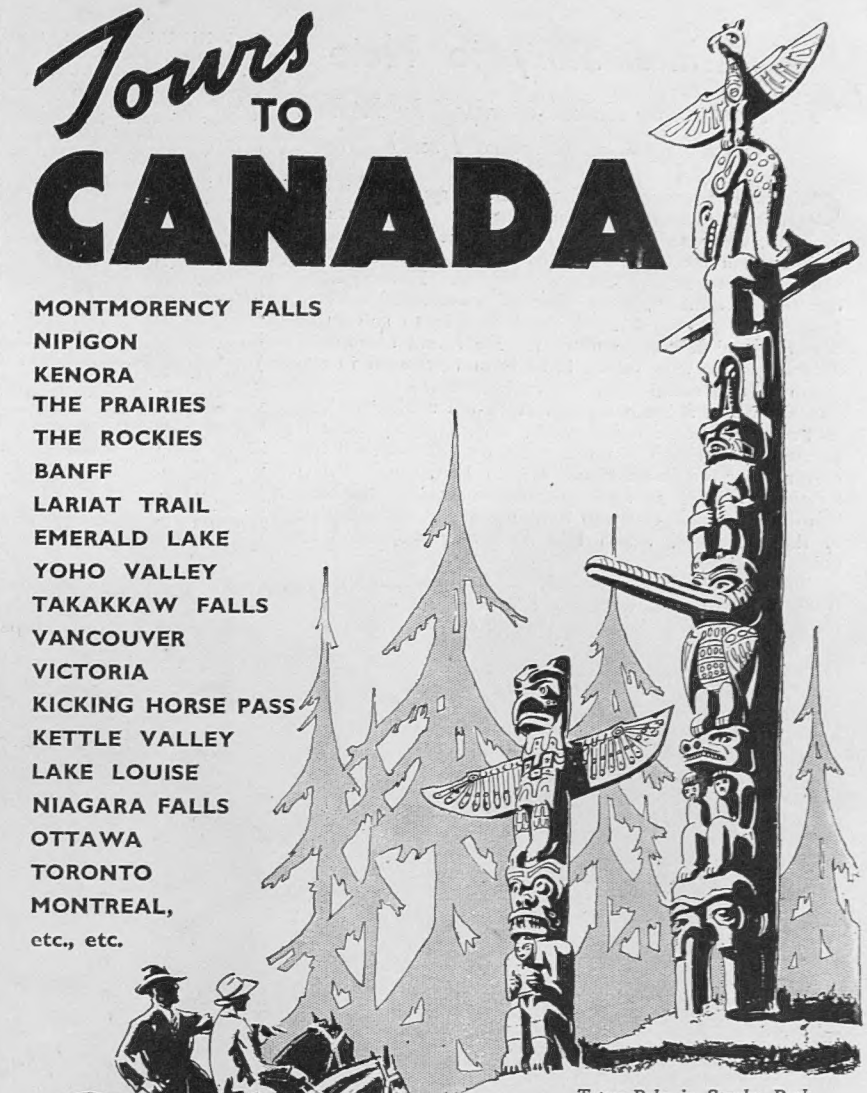

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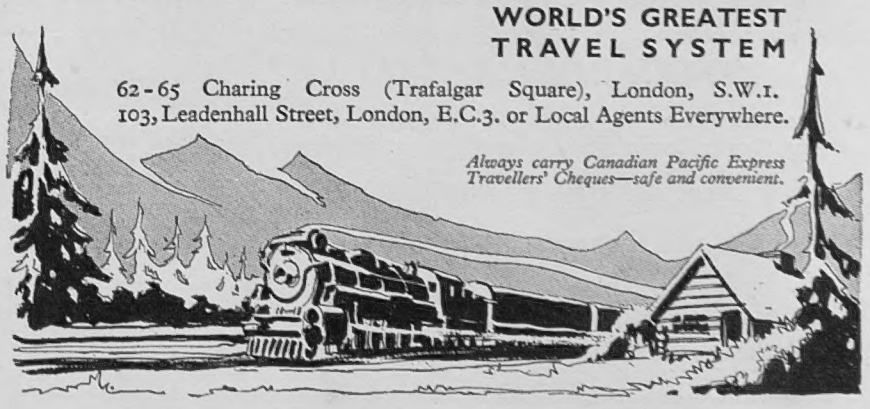

A Crime Story to Note

"The Preparatory School Murder," by Richard Macnaughtan (Finland Press)

Crimes at preparatory schools are so rare that it was not surprising that the death of young David Kelham, who was found dead in bed the morning after his eleventh birthday, was put down to heart failure after excitement rather than to foul play. But suspicion dawned gradually, and finally Detective-Inspector Hawtrey of Scotland Yard was called in to solve this dreadful and deliberate murder. He found there were several people who might have been interested in the death of this small boy, who had inherited an ancient baronetcy and a large fortune from his soldier father. But clue after clue faded away, though at one time it seemed likely that the uncle must be involved, till the clever detective (once Captain Alan Hawtrey, D.S.O.) by patiently working back over every detail of the fatal birthday, was able to throw light upon the devilish plan of the murderer, which had so nearly succeeded in going undetected.

This novel, I understand, is the first from a new writer who has himself been intimately associated with a private school, and has therefore given a very authentic note to the school details. The plot is well worked out, and all clues are fairly given to the reader who, however, will be very bright indeed if he discovers the murderer before Detective Hawtrey. Mr. Macnaughtan writes easily, and has a pleasant style when he is telling his story, but he would be well advised to drop his somewhat pretentious discursive remarks.

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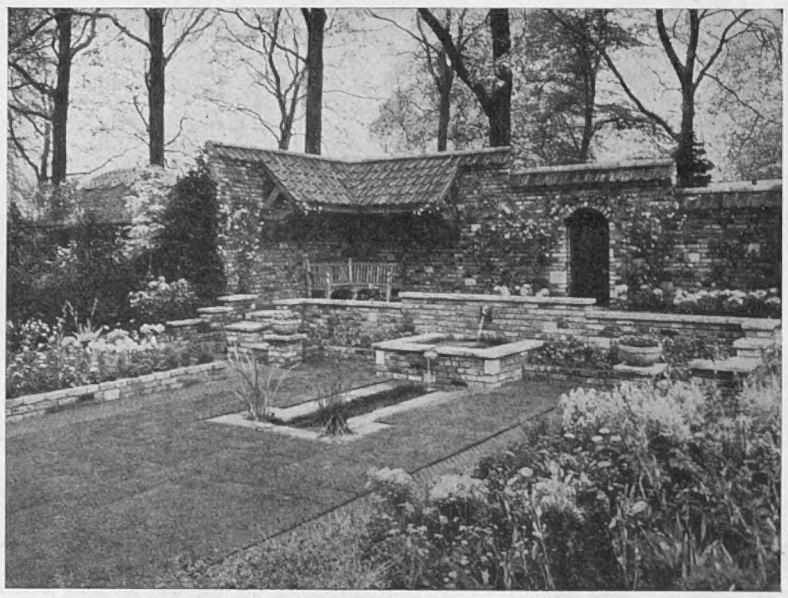

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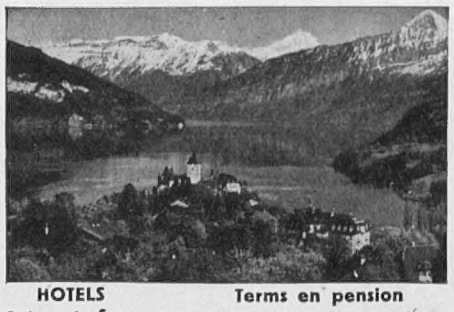

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BERLIN OFFICE:
Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for*
Germany, Scandinavia, the Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein (the world's most radioactive thermal Springs).—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of distinction. Comf. service. Univ. posn.

Gallspach.—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

München.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.—1st cl., nr. theatres and museums. 150 rms, 50 bths. New underground gar. in hotel.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt. Fnst.sit. Fac. sea & mst. wndfl. sands of Belgian coast. 140 rms. Ex. kit. Full bd. trms. fr. Frs. 60.

Heyst-s-Mer.—Hotel de la Plage.—The leading English hotel on the sea front. 1st class. All comfs. Mod. prices. A van Isacker, Prop.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pens. fr. 65 Frs. Tels. Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

Ostend.—Grand Hotel.—Fine position on sea front, next Casino. New large airy and sunny lounge. Free Garage. Moderate Terms.

Ostend.—Savoy Hotel.—
Opposite Casino. First class.
Moderate Terms.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis, 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

Jersey.—Royal Yacht Hotel.—Lift all floors, H. & C. running water all rooms. Overlooking sea. Jersey's luxury hotel.

FRANCE.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st cl. hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace. Opp. Casino Gdns Beach. 1st class Pension from Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 60, suite Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—"Brenner's Stephanie" and "Brenner's Park."—Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel Badischer Hof. First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known Family Hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Zähringerhof.—130 beds. Pension from R.M. 8—or with private thermal bath from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from R.M. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly first class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite Bath-houses. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by Englishmen. Mod. comf. Mod. prices. Ex. cuisine. A. Leuner, Prop.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from R.M. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First class Home Comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 11.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof.—1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pens. 9 Mks. up.—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from R.M. 4, with pension R.M. 9.

Cologne.—Furstenhof.—Situated opposite station and Dome. Beautiful view. All comforts. Rooms from M. 3.50 up.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Wld-renwnd. Unique pos. on river. Grdn-Pk., Terraces. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 R.M.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most prfct htel-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mainz.—Hotel Karpfen.—Opposite landing stage. Founded 16th century. All comforts. Moderate prices.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading house. 75 beds. Famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad.—Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from R.M. 10.

ITALY.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fashnble Isl. of all sports. Golf (18-hs.), polo, sailg., fishg., tenn., shootg., beach. The perfect resort for holidays.

Menaggio.—Victoria Hotel.—(1st cl.) Golf (18). Tennis. Bowling. On lake shores away fr. mn. rd. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace.—De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms from 6/-, Pension from 17/-. Swiss Man.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—Grand Hotel.—Ldg. tourist hotel. House with every comf. for those desiring the best. Rsnble. terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Adelboden (Bernese Oberland, 467 ft.).—Hotel Adler & Kursaal.—Wl-kwn. for hm-lik. comf. Tenn., swmg., excrs. Trms. fr. Frs. 11.50.

Axenfels (Lake Lucerne).—Palace Hotel.—Excellent for Rest and Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pens. from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (nr. Zürich).—Grand Hotel.—First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle.—Schweizerhof.—First class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st cl. Res. All com. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air restaur. Marv. view on lake & mount. Pens. fr. 12 Frs.

Geneva.—The Regina.—Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open Air Rest. overlooking lake and city. Incl. Price 15/-, with private bath 17/6.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—Hotel Victoria.—Facing English garden & lake. Home-like, every mod. comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension from Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Htl. & Righi Vaudois (2270 ft.)—Ideal pos. Lge. gdn-pk. ovrlkng. L. of Geneva. Evry. cmft. 1st cl. cuisine. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Gurnigel, Bernese Oberld.—3,900 ft. a.s. Sum. & wint.—**Grand Hotel.**—1st cl. 300 bdrs. bths, diet. frsts, ten. orch. Wkly. trms. incl. £5.7.0.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best sit. fcg. Jungfrau, next Gdn. of Cas. All comf. Renowned Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. Frs. 14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from 8 Frs. Pens. from 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-dte. Idl. hme. Chrmg. pstn. Grdn. Grge. New Rates. Cortsy. (Res. Pro. W. Deig.)

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. facing lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tenn. Lge. pk. Grge. Beach.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel and Kurhaus.—Take your "Holidays in the Alps." 3 Tenn. Cts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake, own beach. 2 tennis, boating. Incl. rate (pens.) with bath, £1.

Vevey.—Parkhotel Mooser.—Great comfort Terrace overlooking lake. Pension, Francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—"The best of the best." Tenn., Bathg., Mountaineering, Dancg. Inclus. terms from Frs. 16—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Seiler Hotels.**—(1,000 beds.) Pension rate from Frs. 9 and Frs. 12.50.

Zurich.—Dolder Grand Hotel.—Golf in front of hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view swimming pool.

TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

M., Notts (Spain).—You would find Panticosa an excellent centre for your holiday in the Pyrenees. It is not far from the French frontier, and excursions can be made to such well-known beauty spots as Cauterets, Gavarnie, and the Pont d'Espagne. An interesting way of making the journey would be to go by train to Biarritz, there taking the P.L.M. 'bus to Cauterets, thus enabling you to see some of the finest scenery of the Pyrenees. Naturally one would not wish to be burdened with very much luggage on a trip of this sort.

S., Wilts (Italy, Spain).—In order to be able to bathe during the latter part of October you would have to go as far south as Naples. The island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, is very beautiful, and there is an excellent hotel there, the Quisisana. The Naples Riviera contains some lovely scenery and there is a good daily boat service from Capri to both Naples and Sorrento. Sitges is an attractive and popular resort near Barcelona. If the weather was good it is possible you might get bathing there at the end of October. Some interesting excursions can be made in the mountains inland, and for an occasional evening's entertainment Barcelona offers plenty of scope. The Terramar Palace Hotel at Sitges is the best there, and is modern and comfortable.

E., Yorks (Cruise).—The S.S. *Orford*, of the Orient Line, is making a cruise to the Northern capitals and Norway, leaving Immingham on July 21. The fares for this sixteen days' cruise range from 25 guineas. The *Arandora Star*, of the Blue Star Line, is making a cruise to the Norwegian fjords, Spitzbergen, and Iceland, on July 14, the fares for a twenty days' cruise ranging from 30 guineas. Both these boats rank high among cruising ships for comfort and service.

Hints for Travellers

COMING EVENTS AT VICHY.

Vichy has long been noted as a fashionable resort, as well as a famous spa, and the sporting events arranged for the 1934 season will greatly add to its reputation as one of the leading watering places of France. The biggest of the new features planned is the Automobile Grand Prix, organized by the Automobile Club of Vichy, the event being contested on July 15. On July 13 and 14 there will be an automobile rally, and on July 16 a concours d'élegance will close automobile week. For race meeting enthusiasts there will be the Spring Meeting during the first two weeks of June, and the Horse Show at the latter end of the month, while the grand event of the whole season is the August Grand Prix, one of the most important provincial race meetings of France.

L.N.E.R. COMFORT FROM HARWICH TO THE HOOK.

Passengers from Harwich to the Hook of Holland will soon be wishing the crossing was a longer one, so very comfortable are the three fine vessels, the *Vienna*, the *Prague*, and the *Amsterdam*, which the London and North Eastern Railway have placed on this service. Their gross tonnage is 4,200 tons, and the accommodation includes 450 first class and 104 second class berths, of which 120 are single-berth cabins, each cabin having hot and cold water laid on. Ample promenading space has been provided, and the public rooms include a dining-room, restaurant, smoking-room, lounge, and ladies' saloon. The *Vienna*, incidentally, is the vessel chosen for the L.N.E.R. week-end summer cruising trips to Holland and Belgium, which are proving very popular.

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